

THE CONTINENT

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MADONNA AND CHILD—LUCA DELLA ROBBIÀ.

TERRA COTTA IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE traveler going westward in New Jersey, from Woodbridge or Perth Amboy to New Brunswick, will find his road bordered by frequent hollows, which stretch irregularly on either hand. The color of the soil, denuded and exposed, varies from a soft buff to that deep red which owes its richness to the presence of iron, a trace of which is found in all the circumjacent region. For a long distance his way will be marked by these excavations, which are sometimes scores of feet in depth. At the bottom, sinuous wagon-roads lead around

banks of clay, where large gangs of laborers are constantly at work.

The undulating surface of the country, sparsely settled and frequently covered with a thick growth of young pines, birches and maples, gives no indication of the riches concealed below, for underlying it all is one vast bed of the best and finest of that clay which is used in the manufacture of fire-brick and terra cotta.

This clay is practically exhaustless. Though its presence has been known to the geologist ever since the



THE SEASONS—FROM GREEK TERRA COTTA BAS-RELIEF IN THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.

settlement of New Jersey, it is only about five years since the first attempt was made to use it in the shape of terra cotta. Even now, few of the denizens of our metropolitan centres are aware to what extent this noble American industry has been carried, or what it promises to become; and as this immense clay-field, contiguous



GREEK RAIN SPOUT FOUND AT MITAPONTE—FROM THE LAYNES COLLECTION.

to the seaboard and situated between New York and Philadelphia, is the most important and characteristic of all that lie within our states, so the architectural decorations which have been modeled from its plastic substance, as well as the magnificent buildings they adorn, are among the most noteworthy of modern construction.

As our traveler proceeds he finds himself in a curious and interesting spot. Within a few miles from either of the busy little towns from which he started, and which owe their prosperity to their manufactories of tiles, fire-brick and terra cotta, he overlooks a territory that has been settled for more than two hundred years. The land on the south trends toward the Raritan River—distant from half a mile to a mile as the crow flies—hastening to lose itself in the bay of the same name a little farther to the southeast. It broadens there to a great width, and the railway running from New York to Long Branch leaps lightly from pier to pier over its swift tide, like a bar of music, across which the locomotive hourly chants its refrain of travel and of traffic.

The scene here is singularly full of natural charm and historic association. An embroidered mantle in many shades of green, through which show mottled patches of the ground beneath, stretches away to the glistening river and beyond are the



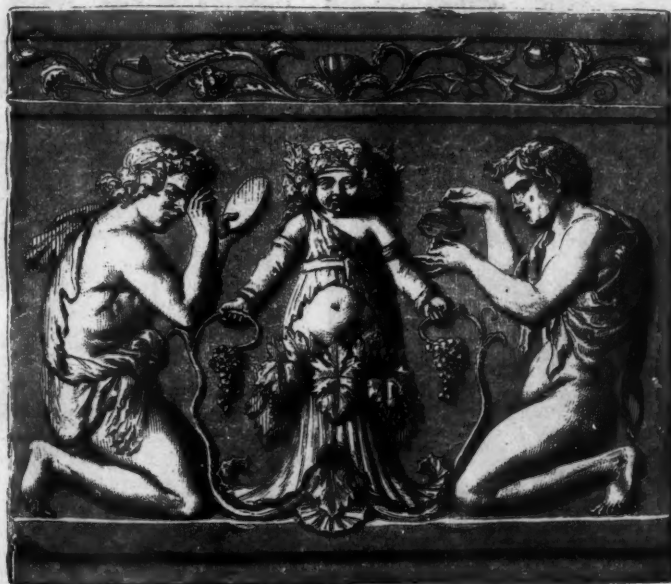
TERRA COTTA ORNAMENT—A GREEK VENUS.



ROMAN TERRA COTTA FROM THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.

wooded heights of the farther shore. Still more to the left, the eye rests on the beautiful banks of Staten Island, separated from the salt meadows fringing the Jersey shore by the narrower stream of

the Kill-von-Kull. And that silvery gap between, bounded on three sides by Tottenville and South and Perth Amboy, widens out on its fourth side into the Lower New York Bay, and that into the ocean itself.



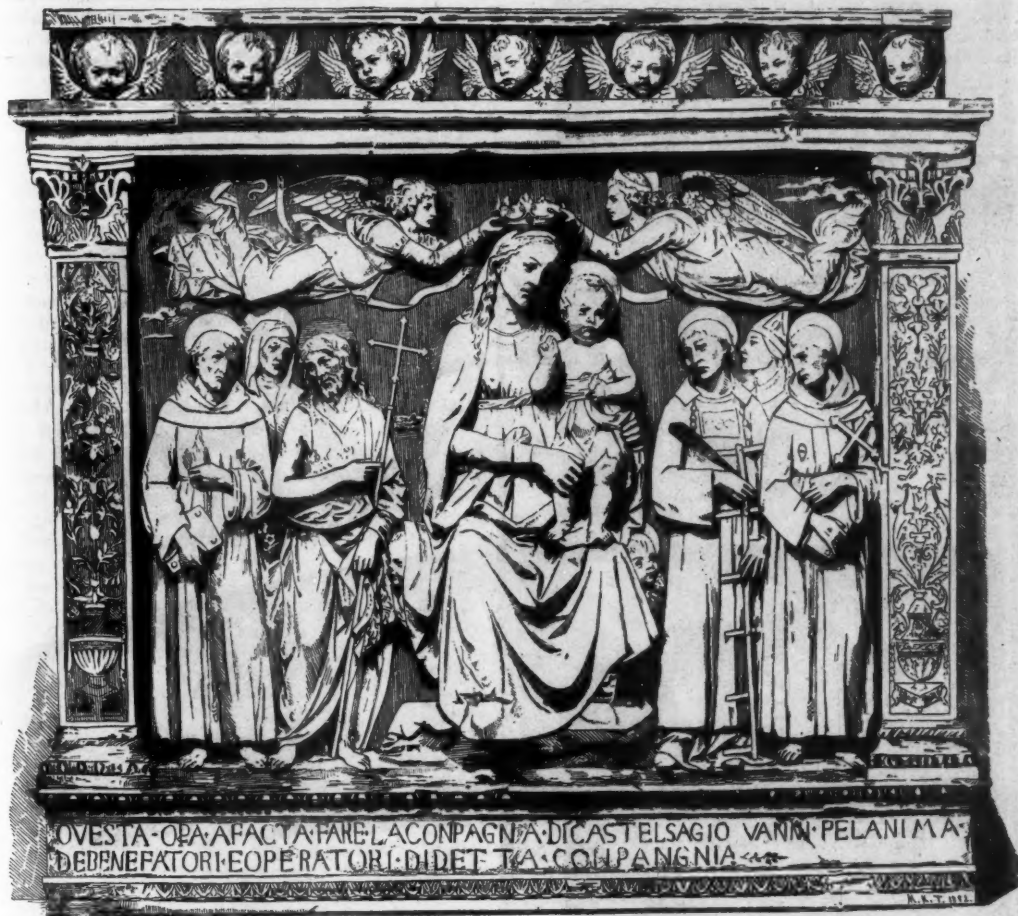
BACCHUS ATTENDED BY FAUNS—ROMAN BAS-RELIEF FROM THE MUSÉE CAMPANA.



TERRA COTTA PANELS IN RELIEF—FLORENTINE.

The point stretching out at its lower edge rises into the highlands of the Navesink, ending in Sandy Hook, and melting almost imperceptibly into the blue of the sea and sky, through both of which drift back and forth, cloud and sail, like the panorama of dreamland. But it is no dream; through that brief space the traveler beholds the argosies of the great city of the New World flitting to and from the ports of every country, inter-

shaped by a guiding intelligence, it becomes one of the most perfect and enduring of building materials. Fire cannot burn it nor water destroy; it triumphantly survives frost and mocks at decay. In the ruins of Assyria, Babylon and Nineveh, débris have been found which bear still, in ineffaceable characters, records of those strange people who are so remote from the present that they seem to have lived on some other planet. Nothing



MADONNA, CHILD AND SAINTS—LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

changing merchandise and bringing back a population fitted to develop the resources of just such a spot as this.

And this highway, whence can be seen a picture so full of beauty and suggestiveness, is the same over which large detachments of the Revolutionary army marched and countermarched, weary and footsore, between Perth Amboy and Trenton or Princeton, in those trying days when history wrote itself in toil and hunger and cold. This soil, precious with the cost of so much effort and courage, has been of little worth to the farmer. Now it has a value as substantial as, if less brilliant than, the mines of California: When tortured, ground, and

in the British Museum is more choicely guarded than those clay tablets whose inscriptions learned professors have spent years in deciphering, and from which we know what manner of civilization they commemorate; nay, further still, the antiquarian goes back to ruins which antedate all that is yet known of the history of man, although upon them are clearly traced the records of four thousand years.

The Assyrians, Phœnicians and Babylonians, as well as the Egyptians, employed terra cotta in various ways, for both in and out-door use, as well as in architecture. Votive-offerings, sarcophagi, utensils for the house and garden ornaments were among them. But to all these

offices was added the preservation of records by means of slabs or cylinders of the same material. On these were stamped by the stylus, hieroglyphic signs, indicating all that remain to the moderns of those personal events, wars and dynasties which give data for chronology. The most distinguished archaeologists of this age—one of them an American—have been sent by the French Government on one of its steamers up the Nile, and at this very hour are doubtless critically superintending groups of swart, half-clad Mussulmans as they upturn the old dust of temples, palaces and mausoleums to find still further records, laboriously traced in the world's earlier youth, upon a substance which outlasts pillars of iron or of granite.

coarse terra cotta, thin, large and oblong, in a shape peculiar to that date. The walls of temples, palaces, arches, monuments and mausoleums are of the same substance, and were generally faced with marble. Of this they have long since been despoiled, not only by invading hordes from the North, but by the cupidity of later rulers of the Eternal City, while the more enduring material yet remains, quaint reminder of a former glory.

As an interior decoration, the wall as well as the vase or the panel was frequently traced with leaves, vines and flowers, as the lotus, conventionalized, running about the rim or border. Many of these designs have been changed and adapted to modern ornamentation, accord-



TERRA COTTA FRIEZE.

In Chaldea, also, terra cotta was employed for interior and exterior work, in all kinds of buildings. Colored bricks were arranged in simple but effective patterns, making a pleasing effect. They were easily cleansed, inexpensive and durable. The Etruscans produced statues in terra cotta very creditable to their knowledge of art.

The Greeks must have used terra cotta from time immemorial. Homer mentions sun-dried brick, and life-sized statues have been found formed from native clay. Figurines, grotesque and beautiful, were frequently deposited in sepulchres even as late as the second century. As an architectural material, the marble of Pentelicus was so accessible to the Greek that he wanted no other.

The Romans, however, freely employed brick and terra cotta. The arch of the Cloaca Maxima, the oldest piece of masonry extant in Rome, is made of tile or

ing to the current esthetic fashion; for the principles of art are still more enduring than the materials whereby they are represented. On the body of the vase or the centre of the slab may be found allegorical pictures, typifying, under the forms of animals or men, the gods whom they revered, and who were forces or appetites incarnated by an archaic imagination.

During a long period afterward, this industry suffered a decline. It was reserved for the fertile plains of Lombardy, which are almost destitute of stone, to carry forward the manufacture of terra cotta to its greatest measure of success, during the four centuries from the twelfth to the sixteenth. It was then used in construction and decoration, in a manner at once so original and exquisite that Madame de Staël's epithet of "frozen music" justifies itself when applied to the architecture it embellishes. Some of the church fronts,

spires and campanies of Pavia, the Hospital and Castiglione Palace of Milan, and the beautiful Certosa, so admired by all students and travelers, and even villas and private houses, were built during the latter portion of that period, which may be called the golden age of terra cotta. They are models of elegance and dignity. Some fine reproductions of these may be found in Gruner's "Terra Cotta Architecture of North Italy." Among them all that of Certosa stands eminent. This monastic building was the most superb ever erected by any order, and served to shelter only thirty monks; yet since its foundation, four hundred and eighty years ago, the rich decorations of its matchless cloisters have served a higher use—that of typifying that poesy may exist in stone and clay.

After the sixteenth century, the ornaments of this material became unsuited to those more elaborate structures which marked the florid style that had then come into vogue.

But the father of real artistic work in terra cotta was Luca della Robbia, who was born in Florence in 1400 (according to Vasari twelve years earlier), and who died in the year 1481. He is not regarded as the equal of his contemporaries Ghiberti and Donatello, but his name is even more widely known through his experiments and discoveries in ceramics. To breathe that soft Tuscan air, was to breathe in a love of art that permeated even the pores of those who lived in an era capable of producing a Michael Angelo, a Raphael Sanzio and a Leonardo da Vinci; an age in which Julius II and Leo X threw the magic of pontifical favor around the painter, the sculptor and the architect; an age which witnessed the laying the foundations of St. Peter's and many another temple dedicated by the genius of man to the glory of God.

While yet a boy, Luca, following the fashion of many art students of the time, became the apprentice of the best goldsmith of his native city. For the boy did not then disdain to climb, by patient, toilsome steps, to the height of his career, through minute details to be acquired by cunning workmanship in gold, silver or even brass. Here, Luca della Robbia acquired his delicate touch and high finish, and began the compositions for which he was afterward celebrated. In these, his faces were evidently taken from nature and not too much idealized, since the descendants of their originals can be met upon the streets of his native city by the traveler to-day.

Of the first twenty-five years of his life, only a few bas-reliefs remain. They are "Grammar," "Philosophy," "Music," "Astronomy," "Plato and Aristotle," "A Man playing on the Lute," and two more that were left unfinished. Twenty years later, he began the beautiful series of alto-relievs for the balustrade of one of the organs in the Duomo of Florence which gave him rank as one of the most charming of Italian sculptors. These represent a band of youths dancing, playing upon musical instruments and singing, with the expression in each face so true to the quality of his voice, that, to use the expression of an admirer, we can hear the shrill treble, the rich contralto, the clear tenor and sonorous bass of their quartette. The figures are so skillfully grouped and so graceful in attitude, that no impression of monotony is conveyed to the beholder.

His first known essays in the so-called "Robbia ware" were made about the year 1436, after that long study and those repeated experiments which usher in all inventions of genuine merit, from the nebulous beginning of civilization down to the time of Edison. His purpose was to discover some method of coating clay

with an opaque, hard, stanniferous enamel, which could be more easily reproduced than by the slow process of carving marble or casting bronze. In this, he attained



TERRA COTTA PANEL.

results which have not been superseded by later students of the ceramic art. This covering or glaze is made of lead, borax, feldspar and tin; sometimes the ingredients are changed, according to the kind of product desired.



TERRA COTTA BUST BY ANDREA VERROCHIO—FLORENTINE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Ten years later Luca's first painted tiles in the ware which bears his name were made for the tomb of Benozzi Frederighi, bishop of Fiesole, in the church of San Francesco è Paolo. This tomb was among the finest of the cinque-cento monuments in Tuscany. From that time his skill gave him a fame which has survived all minute knowledge of his life, save as it is known by his works. By comparing all other pottery of the time with that made by him, the greater degree of opacity and solidity of the works of our inventor are made manifest. Indeed, the secrets of Luca were so well kept that for a quarter of a century no other artisan in clay manufactured a piece surfaced with stanniferous enamel. Those ascribed to the Caffaggiolo pottery date seventy years later than the first recorded articles of Luca della Robbia. The assertion of Vasari, then, seems true, that Luca was the discoverer for Italy of this important improvement of glazing earthenware vessels. What he may have learned of the Moorish potters from Spain we have no means of knowing. It is a matter of fact that they had attained great skill in the manufacture of what we now call terra cotta.

During two generations the family of Luca guarded their precious secret. But Nature is a tell-tale to energetic workers, and gradually a knowledge of the composition became known and adopted in the potteries of Italy and France. Meanwhile the nephew, Andrea, with his four sons, carried on the work. The name relative, Luca the Younger, may be really the author of reliefs attributed to the Elder. They had many distinguishing marks in common. Under the other relatives, however, art-work in terra cotta began to decline. It gradually spread into other countries, even in its decadence. One of the Lucas introduced it into France, where the Chateau de Madrid was decorated by him under the patronage of Francis I. Yet

its use has never been abandoned. In the south of France, north of Germany and along the Baltic it is found in all kinds of buildings—in balustrades, balconies, turrets, spires, and in mural decorations of various kinds. It makes, in its soft shades and diverse forms, a pleasing and varied effect, as different from the gingerbread work of cheap wooden villa decoration as its substance is more substantial.

A few years since, Andrea Boni, of Milan, established a pottery for the making of terra cotta in that city, thus renewing the taste for it in Italy. In England it is barely two hundred years since only coarse earthenware was produced, yet, when Wedgwood concentrated his energies upon refining the quality of terra cotta, its improvement was marked and rapid. Within the last few years Messrs. Doulton have attained a widespread reputation through the production of their potteries at Lambeth. Visitors at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will remember the admiration of the work from the large crowd which always surrounded their exhibit.

In the New World, the manufacture of terra cotta is newer still; in a succeeding article will be a review of some important buildings in which it is decoratively employed. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York are to be seen a collection of photographs of Italian terra cotta, including some of the period of Luca della Robbia. The last chief addition to the Museum, by gift of Mr. Marquand, is a composition by the old master himself—a "Virgin and Child," with six saints—taken from a mortuary chapel.

This piece is one of his later and mannered productions; it lacks the easy grace and spontaneity of his earlier creations, though full of happy touches and technical skill.

HESTER M. POOLE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



CENTRAL AMERICAN WOMEN.

JUST within the courtyard of a white marble palace, in the leafy shade of a mango grove, hangs a silken hammock lined with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds. In it reclines a creature whom to call divine would be base flattery to the gods. Note the classical features, the delicate, very light olive tint of her skin; see the long black silken

tresses, in which an immense diamond-headed pin holds a rose; see the long lashes, half shading those lustrous orbs, which give forth all the varieties of expression of refined thought as she listens to her maid's reading from Espronceda's poems. Her shoulders, arms and bust are covered, but not concealed, by the finest of lace, and a long white skirt trails the ground, but allows one microscopical foot to peer forth, just enough to show the point of a gold-embroidered slipper. The gentle breeze gives ever so slight a motion to the hammock, and each little movement of its ravishingly beautiful occupant reveals thousands of new charms. What wonder that men, especially those possessed by a tropically inflammable temperament, become inspired with the divine afflatus—sing of her, rave about her—aye, kill for her?

The traveler from the cold North who has visited the tropics, upon reading the preceding lines, will continue the perusal of this sketch, to ascertain how outrageously

I can disregard truth, for the foregoing imagery can be found only in ideal descriptions of Central American women: the real ones are of a far different type. But they certainly merit a description, for the status of woman is the unequivocal key to the social status of a country.

I may be pardoned if I adopt the trick of many describers—that of classification—under the pretext of making the subject-matter more clearly comprehensible; while, in reality, it frequently is only a convenience for the writer. Yet, as I purpose to spare the reader the invention of erudite terms, she or he will not be inconvenienced thereby. If I require a justification for this course, it will be found in the fact that Central American society divides itself into *los Indios*, the Indians who are not savages; *la gente del pueblo*, composed of artisans and petty traders, and *gente decente*, or society people.

The lowest type of the Central American human female, "la India," a bare-footed drudge, wrapped from her waist to a little below her knees in a coarse native cloth in lieu of a skirt,* and a sort of short sheet, with a large hole cut in it, through which the head is passed, and then it is folded down the front and back of the body and held fast at the waist by a belt of similar material. Not even a pin is added to these garments. As

* Several tribes distinguish the married women from the single ones by means of this garment. The unmarried ones wear it short, covering only the upper half of the thighs, while upon marriage it is lengthened to reach half-way between the knees and the feet or down to the feet.



AN IDEAL.

simple as her vestment is her mind. She is barren of ideas—knows nothing except how to make *tortillas* (which will be described farther on), and to practice a sort of idolatry which she mistakes for religious observance. She has numerous children, and no hopes or aspirations save to see her family increase. She rarely smiles and never dances. Her only diversions consist of occasional visits to the nearest town, and if she is at all susceptible to agreeable impressions, then she manifests a little less of her placid stoicism, especially when on her way home, for then her pack is lighter and her system has been stimulated by the flowing bowl—probably “chicha” in her case.

At home in her “choza” (generally a tumble-down reed hut, indifferently thatched with palm-leaves) she is, as everywhere else, her husband’s slave, making his *tortillas*, toasting his bananas while he basks in the sunlight, or lies in the shade if the day be warm. Still more frequently he is found sleeping off a debauch, the liquor for which he bought with the fruits of her labor, and in gratitude for which he recompensed her with cruel blows.

It is only when on the road that a semblance to humanity spreads over her ugly face, as heavily-laden with a bag of corn and a sort of wooden cage (called “*kekeshke*”), which contains live chickens, turkeys and eggs, all the result of her care and labor, she trots at the side of her husband, who, empty-handed, is mounted on a horse or mule, and vouchsafes her no look or word. When their wares are sold, and he begins to feel the enlivening effects of the first few drinks of “chicha” (a fermented drink, composed of spoiled fruit, apple, potato, pineapple and mango-peelings, with water and pieces of sugar-cane), he gives her a drink also, which perhaps obtunds her senses in a measure by the time her lord and master gets thoroughly drunk. Then he

beats her unmercifully. This is the only exertion he ever makes.

These delicate attentions, like her prolificacy, she seems to consider the natural consequences of marriage. Coupled with her lack of ideas, religion and hopes, she has not the remotest comprehension of virtue. She will readily sell her daughter for a trifle to any stranger, and will part with her without a tear. She will give her husband the blood-money thus obtained, which he will spend for liquor, except the few coins which she will steal back from him. These she invests in a candle and burns it before some saint, to be rid of some present or future bodily ill.

And yet she is not absolutely the lowest type of Central American humanity. Her sister of the Lacandones, or Lacantunes, as partly described by Professor Edwin Rockstroh, limits her garments to a breech-clout at most, and practices polyandry—that is to say, she will have as many husbands as she can support in idleness.

A higher type of the Indian woman is found among the tribes which have come in contact with civilization. She speaks a little Spanish; she is sometimes quite bright intellectually; her “*guipil*” (skirt) is clean and in good repair, and she attempts some personal ornamentation; yet her general habiliments are similar to those of her lower sister, except that her sheet-like bodice has wide sleeves, her hair has a vari-colored strip of cloth braided into it, and she aspires to jewelry, generally not less than eight or nine finger-rings, huge earrings, and a shell or coral necklace is used to suspend an immense cross of copper, and among the rich tribes sometimes silver, or even gold. She has no vices, and rises to the dignity of being her husband’s helpmeet. He is to her a sort of deity, and, no matter how badly he treats her morally and physically, she saves the best morsels of their food for him, and the lighter tasks are his.

Another step upward, and we have the female servant in towns and cities. As her duties, mode of life and other special characteristics form an essential part of Central American existence, she is entitled to a detailed discussion in a paper on servants. For the present it will suffice to say that the female servant of Central America is rarely of pure Indian blood, and, if her origin is doubtful, so too is her moral position. She is almost invariably a good, loving mother, but very, very rarely a wife. Seldom can two children of a servant boast that they are full brothers or sisters, and the majority of servants feel no shame in speaking of the different surnames of their ten or twelve children. Worse than all—because in it lies the cause of this sad state of affairs—the men upon whom the charge should rest incur no moral, and barely a financial responsibility, unless they take the trouble to legally adopt their offspring. This is done by a limited number of men, who vaunt their morality, but they are either laughed at as fools or admired as shining examples of virtue. In adopting his own flesh and blood, a man takes care so to arrange matters that the child shall henceforth be removed from the corrupting influences which surround the mother, who then becomes a stranger to her child, except when her extraordinary good conduct is such as to merit respect. She is then permitted to visit her child occasionally, and is treated with the grateful kindness which we in the North are apt to bestow upon the nurse of our childhood, whose kindness has caused us to bear her a sort of affection through which with time she has assumed a petty authority over us. This never inconveniences, because it is not obtrusive; nor does it



AN UPPER-CLASS INDIAN WOMAN.



GOING INTO TOWN.

ever become disagreeable, because she knows her station, and does not go beyond its limits.

A case in point will serve to illustrate this: The first female servant I employed in Central America was Jesús (pronounced Hay-soos in Spanish, and then does not sound sacrilegious); a not ugly half-breed, perhaps thirty-five years of age, a most able cook, and an extraordinarily well-behaved and intelligent woman for one of her class.

Shortly after she had assumed authority in my bachelor household I was invited to a party at the house of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the town and state. As I was about to go to the entertainment my cook wished that I would enjoy myself very much, and requested that I should not neglect to dance with her daughter. I did not heed the remark, as I considered it one of those little impudences which in these countries employers allow their servants.

Early in the evening my host introduced me to his daughter, just arrived from Paris, where she had been educated. She consented to waltz with me, and after a few general remarks, she asked me, in excellent French, to repeat my name, "as papa is so indistinct in his introductions." Upon my telling her she said: "Why certainly, Don Fernando, I should have known you by my mother's description of you and her many praises of your kindness to her."

"Madame votre mère, mademoiselle?" I asked in surprise; "I have not the honor—"

"Of course you know her. Monsieur le Docteur, she is your cook."

To confound me still more, my entertainer interrupted us, and before I could employ the least tact to cover my confusion, the young lady said: "Just think, papa, is it not odd that the first gentleman who asked me to dance is my mother's patrón (employer)!"

"Indeed?" said Don Juan de Dios, with nothing more expressed in his tone than in his words: "You can rely upon it, Doctor, she is a very good woman.

But pray pardon me: I have neglected to introduce you to my wife."

During the general conversation that followed, the accomplished young girl again referred to the matter, and her step-mother showed not the least annoyance. While I felt ever safe in asking about one's father afterward, I thought it wise to refrain from speaking of mothers. Was not I right?

The cause of this state of affairs can be partly explained by the poverty in which, formerly, continued political revolutions kept the country, and the great expense then attendant upon ecclesiastical marriages; but it seems as if the main explanation lies in the almost entire lack of education under which women were allowed to grow up. Let a veil be drawn over the proximate past, and let us console ourselves with the reflection that the public schools, which are extending their usefulness even to the female sex, will eventually reach women and elevate them above their present position.

The seamstresses may be next considered. A large number of these can write their names; some can even indite a letter which would fall far below the efforts of a child of six years in the United States when viewed from an epistolary or chirographical aspect; yet the ability to write at all, and the financial justification which this class finds for indulging in the luxury of wearing shoes, form their distinctive characteristics. I have never met a married seamstress, yet all of their children bear the same surname, and are all adopted in legal form by one man as soon as they are old enough no longer to require a mother's care.

The market-women, female street peddlers, keepers of small stores and bar-rooms occupy an intermediate position between the two preceding classes, except that their morality is perhaps superior to that of the former, while their education and intelligence are inferior to that of the latter.

We now have to consider a type of woman whose characteristics can be discussed with greater freedom. This is the wife of the mechanic and smaller tradesman. She is invariably a wife and often a shrew. A model mother, a careful housekeeper, she is wofully ignorant, but she is inflexibly virtuous. A study of the home revelations of this, which might be called the middle class, would show that the husband's conduct is not such as would be an incentive to his wife's good traits; yet when such a woman marries she views her husband, with all his faults, as a sort of demi-god, whom it is her duty to follow and care for uncomplainingly, even if his steps lead into crime or he requires care as the result of his debaucheries. She certainly manifests the purest, most disinterested love for her lord and master—for this the Central American husband always is—and pardons his occasional digressions, although her forgiveness is never asked.

Among these women, no matter how white they may be, the peculiar Indian expression is habitual. However, to guard myself against the charge of excessive sentimentality, I will modify this by calling their usual expression an appearance of sadness. They are patient sufferers, and usually, as age creeps on, they become fat, but never jolly. The only song I heard among this class was a monotonous lullaby, which I dare say was as satisfactory to the babe as could be any civilized air.

Their education is limited to an ability to read, or, perhaps, recite from memory, their only book, the well-thumbed missal. Some can sign their names mechanically. Their sole amusements consist in witnessing an occasional Sunday afternoon bull-fight, and



DRY-GOODS MERCHANT.

their daily meetings at the "News Exchange"—early mass.

Their characteristic dress—and in no republican country are garments as distinctive of "caste" as in this—is usually a very stiffly-starched, highly-colored, plainly-cut calico, with an immense train. A *sacque* of a dull, dark color, with large buttons, the buttonholes as a rule well frayed. The sleeves of this *sacque* are generally long and very wide. No cuffs or collars set off this upper garment. Bracelets are extremely rare, but earrings, breastpins and seldom less than fourteen finger-rings, all of them of a colossal size and of antique and tawdry type, are the rule. The *sacque* is usually cut very low, and whenever the large, highly-colored silk kerchief which covers the neck and chest is thrown aside, the inevitable rosary and scapulary, variously soiled from long wear are brought to view.

The women never wear hats except when they work in the sun, and then they cover the head with a man's hat. Their home-dress, when they leave their homes, is amplified by covering themselves entirely with highly-colored, and sometimes quite expensive, silk shawls, the heavy fringes of which trail on the ground.

Their names also are peculiar. The ordinary designations are frequently masculine; thus, she who was baptized Juana (Joan), calls herself Juan; Pedrona (female Peter), mentions her name as Pedro; Tomasa (Thomasine) says she is called Tomás; Jorja (Georgine) speaks of herself as Jorge, etc., etc. Still more frequent are names, which to the Anglo-

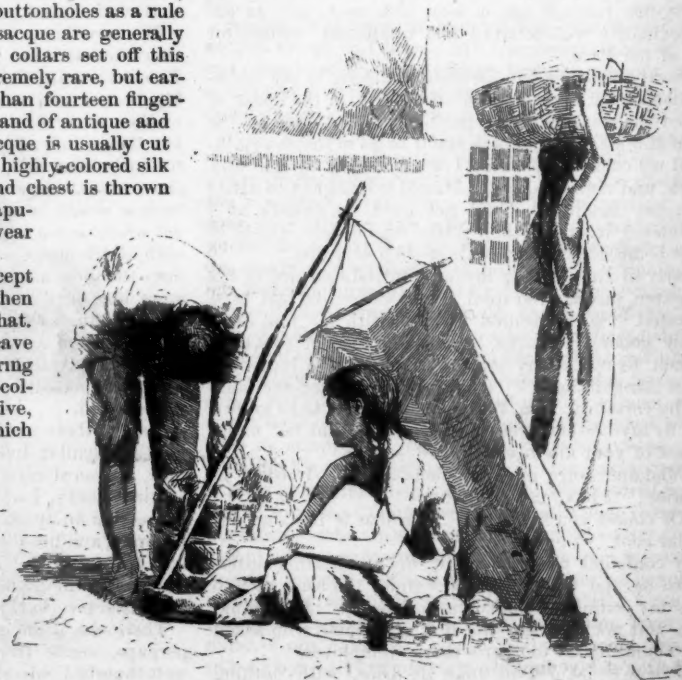
Saxon ear would, if translated, sound extremely ridiculous and even sacrilegious: some are Eucarista, Tránsito, Dolores, Redención, Concepción, Trinidad, Candelária, Cruz, Circuncisión, Jesús, etc.

Men of this middle class grandiloquently speak of their wives as "mi Señora," while the women address each other by prefixing Señora (Mrs.) to their baptismal names. Among the higher classes, the custom is to address a lady, no matter what her age or social condition, as "Niña" (a female child, colloquially Miss), except in cases where the person spoken to is one of great importance, or merits marked respect, then the term used is Doña. Señora and Señorita (Miss) are only used in addressing letters or when at all in a conversation, only to emphasize, or when the name is not expressed. Gentlemen of the higher classes rarely speak of "mi esposa" (my wife), but say "la Teresa," "la Epifanía," "la Antonia," etc.

The highest social grade of women in Central America affords far more pleasant food for discussion than their humbler sisters, yet in many ways suffers much by the contrast when compared with women of other countries.

Those who take a delight in railing against modern institutions (I beg pardon, ladies, for classing all of you among them) assert that the women of to-day indulge only in "twaddle" in lieu of conversation. This "twaddle," if such it be purely, is interlarded with bright and sometimes brilliant repartee, with classical quotations, with citations from the fair "twaddler's" reading and references to a clear insight in life. Would the railer, forsooth, have his fair partner in the "lancers" delight him with a dissertation on precession of the equinox so as to bridge over the intervals of rest in a manner suitable to his high taste and culture?

The society woman of Central America is quite a dif-



FRUIT SELLER AND STREET PEDDLER.



A SON AND HEIR.

ferent being. At a "sociable" or any other reunion for amusement, she says—nothing, simply nothing. She does not even disparage her dearest friend's dress. She does not smile until several glasses of wine have asserted their influence, and then she becomes almost hilarious.

It has often afforded me amusement to hear recent arrivals of the "stronger" sex speak of the conquests made at a ball. They soon learned that they had only conquered wine. The free use of wine at all entertainments has its result on the weak little heads. They flirt mildly at other times, but when "the wit's out," and they dance, they cling to their partners, almost embrace them, and whisper protestations of affection, which may be summed up in, "Oh, why did we not meet before I married?" (Note: There are no divorce laws in Central America) or "God forgive me for loving you, knowing that you are not a Christian!" In these, as in most Latin countries, only communicants of the Roman Catholic Church are called Christians.

The following day Romeo seeks his Juliet at the place appointed by her, but she appears not. If, some time later, they should meet, his very marked bow is answered by a cold, expressionless, yet graceful courtesy and a very calm and undemonstrative "*Adios, caballero,*" (good-day, sir).

Her erratic conduct at the ball can be explained by the fact that it is when a woman is dancing that she enjoys her only liberty. At all other times her every glance and gesture are watched with a suspicion which, to the purest and best, is almost an incitement to abuse of privilege when the opportunity occurs. Unfortunately, nearly every Central American will confess that he trusts no woman. What a sad commentary upon Central American education!

The lot of a young woman of to-day is hardly an enviable one. From earliest childhood she has daily been told that life in a cloister is vastly preferable to matri-

mony. Her education is limited, though superficially it is of an exquisite polish. Her gestures and general behavior are extremely courteous, but her grammar is often woful, and her few epistles, though frequently chirographically beautiful, are labored and hideously unorthographical. She sometimes becomes a brilliant but unfeeling performer on the piano, and her song "before company" is, as a rule, but a poor performance.

They, withal, make most excellent wives for selfish men, and if suspicion were removed from them, and they were treated with confidence and respect, they could be trusted.

Sanitary statistics are not kept in Central America, and therefore I cannot quote figures any further than those furnished by my own "case-book," and from what other physicians have told me. Suicide by women is extremely rare, and then only provoked by religious mania, while in men *felo de se* is common, and "because of unrequited love" occupies the first place numerically.

Men and women agree that the latter are socially and intellectually inferior, and thus it is that until recently the girl's education has been more limited than that of her brother's. This idea of inferiority finds one good exemplification in their post-nuptial designations. Anita Plumas, when she marries Pantaleon Tintero, does not become Mrs. Anita or Mrs. Pantaleon Tintero, but henceforth she is known as Anita Plumas *de* Tintero, that is, Anita Plumas (the property) *of* Tintero! And when he speaks of her as "*la Anita,*" he means *his* Annie, as he would say *his* plantation, *his* horse, *his* umbrella or any other chattel.

Courtship—all the world over a mark for the shafts of wit—is certainly most amusing in Central America, except to the parties interested, and they follow out their ridiculous method, as did their forefathers, apparently unconscious that they are at all observed.



SEAMSTRESS.

A young gentleman never visits young ladies, but manages to pass the residence of the object of his affections shortly after nightfall. She, by intuition, appointment or a smuggled letter conveyed by a suborned servant or other intermediary, is "watching the southern cross," although she has but a faint idea of astronomy, as she leans from her heavily-barred window, which looks like a small balcony, and there is no light in her room. In the finest summer nights, as in the

seen to press their faces. During this period, which undoubtedly is fraught with interest and catarrhs to the young people, the parents do not hesitate to insult their daughter by double-locking, barring and chaining up all possible entrances to their house. Is it not almost natural that a girl whose contact with the men has ever been suspiciously watched should sometimes become a party to the manufacture of false keys, which burglars in Central America as yet rarely use? This



AT HOME.

most severe winter rains, Juan stretches his little body so that he may hold Margarita's not unwilling hand, or finger, if the bars be too inconveniently close together; and as he whispers sweet nothings the hours slip away, and only the chanticleer's early crow, which she assures him is the nightingale, warns him that he should be gone.

Although the parents of the young lady and gentleman cordially approve of the match, he is never admitted to the house, except on rare occasions, and then only with a large number of other guests, to whom all attention must be shown. The feint of surreptitiousness is kept up, although all the town knows of the courtship. Foreigners call this the "iron-chewing period," perhaps because of the bars against which lovers may have been

lack of confidence goes even to the extent of opening the lover's letters, if, during courtship, he should be called away. Only the least lover-like ones are given the young lady. Yet, if it be remembered that in most parts of Central America it is nothing unusual to open a suspected person's correspondence, this is not so surprising, especially when the suspicion with which lovers are viewed is considered. The adored one rarely if ever answers her future husband's letters.

A week, or at most a month before marriage, all romance ceases. The friends of the family receive cards in which the parents announce that their daughter is soon to marry Mr. ——. After this he visits his affianced bride, but never is left alone with her for an instant.

In due time marriage, with all possible and frequently bankrupting pomp, occurs, and henceforth real marital happiness is the exception. A peculiar feature in Central American marriages is that the groom provides the entire trousseau, even to the minor details. Marriage for a woman means that she has only her husband to watch her suspiciously, and the consoling consciousness that as soon as age and ugliness relieve her of attractiveness she is her own mistress. Her independence comes early, as these tropical flowers fade very soon.

And this brings me to speak to young ladies of other lands in response to the natural question, What do our Central American sisters wear?

Ma chere (pardon the familiarity of an old physician of not yet forty), have you a sister or friend who is somewhat taller than you, yet whose waist is shorter? Has she preserved a dress which was fashionable two years ago, when it was made by a wholesale modiste in Paris? Have you stays (the English word sounds nicer) which you dislike because they do not fit you comfortably? Have you gilt, bronzed, red or blue slippers, with immense heels which project downwards and forwards toward the toes, and are they cut so very low as to fully display embroidered or highly-colored silk stockings? Then dress yourself in these things, put on slightly-specked kid gloves, which neither match your dress nor fit you well, partly cover your badly-arranged hair with a large, flaring hat, and then in the mirror you may have the Central American sefiorita in her promenade and visiting costume. The hat is an innovation which has become universal during the last three years. The first few who cast off the pañolón (shawl) on dress occasions were superciliously designated as "extrangeras hechizas," which cannot be translated otherwise than by the slang term, "snide foreigners."

But, as you value your good name, do not go out unaccompanied by a female servant—better yet, persuade mamma to go with you, and she, too, must dress for the occasion. Braid her hair into one or two switches, which you must tie with a string or dark ribbon; with bandoline remove any suspicion of those curls which it may yet possess, and which, before you were born, drove papa into writing silly verses and singing ridiculous songs, in which he accompanied himself with a guitar; remove all restraints with which she would modify her *embonpoint*; put on her a dark dress—preferably of a dull black, with a very long train. By the way, neither mamma nor you must lift the trains of

your dresses, but must drag them through the muddiest streets if you walk. A large shawl with a long fringe must be worn by mamma, in somewhat of the manner in which she draped herself when she was as young and graceful as you are now. Comfortable but shapeless slippers or gaiters, several large rings on her fingers, jewels in her ears, and a painted miniature of papa in her huge breastpin, and then both of you are ready for your promenade or visit.

Yet one thing I forgot. Unless your complexion is very good, you must thoroughly kalsomine your face, but mamma must not, under any circumstance, "improve" hers, be it ever so blotched and freckled. Your picture of "Style in Central America in 1882" is now complete.

Is it not odd that when you are in the street, or are listening to really excellent music in the park, he will be there? And, stranger still, if, when mamma is profoundly interested in some local gossip, you should accidentally happen to drop your handkerchief, he will pick it up and hand it to you with inimitable grace and such a melting look? But what change has occurred in the fabric? When it slipped from your hand it was soft and pliable—now it seems to have been stiffly and awkwardly starched. Do not examine it now, but, when you are secure from observation, take it forth and remove from it a piece of paper. Let us read it, for it contains no address nor signature, yet you have seen that writing before. "Divine idol of my soul! Have you no pity, sweet angel of my existence? Why must I suffer the torture of not being allowed to embrace you? Oh, cruel, cruel fate! I will pass your house at half-past seven. If I cannot see you then, my cold corpse will, before morning, cry to Heaven for the life you have ruined of him who adores you!"

"What a remarkable document!" you say, and you wonder how it came among the folds of your handkerchief!

In the preceding lines I may appear unjust to some, and lest all of the women of Central America be classed alike by those of my readers who do not know them, I must add that there, as in all other lands, women are found who combine intelligence, education and brilliancy with all of those charms which make women the link that binds man to the angels, yet are human enough to dress in exquisite taste in the style of to-day, as well and as elegantly as their American and European sisters of the highest social ranks.

FERD. C. VALENTINE.

OLD MUSIC.

O'er a world's orchestral changes
We can hear those silver lays—
Hear the old tunes ringing, ringing,
Set to words of by-gone days.

There are strains of tender beauty
That our hearts may not repeat;
There are stirring, wild *bravuras*,
And *adagios* sad and sweet.

Not a discord grates the softness
Of those spirit-echoes fair;
Not a false note ever wavers
On the golden, hazy air.

Life may sweep in grandest chorals
Onward through the realm of song,
But the purest tones must reach us
Through the distance, dim and long.

JULIA H. THAYER.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright."

HAD Miss Watson's eye been glued to her spy-glass, as for six or eight out of the twenty-four hours it invariably is, and as, strange to say, it is not about four o'clock in the ensuing afternoon, she would have seen Belinda Churchill setting off for a walk alone. Humanly speaking, not thirty seconds would have elapsed before that lady would have been across the street and down it to ask why alone? why not with her sister? why not with the dogs? The dogs ask the same question. A Dresden walk, indeed, with their poor little snouts imbedded in muzzles, is by not any means the same thing as an English one—free to dogs and men as English air; but such as it is, it is better than nothing. With a muzzle one can still scamper, and even give mutilated sniffs here and there. The prospect of a walk is the one thing that restores to its pristine hyacinthine curl Slutty's tail, which ever since the arrival of Punch has limply drooped in envy and dejection; and as for Punch, there is no number of times that he would not bark for the Queen, for Mr. Gladstone, for the devil if required, in order to attain it. To-day they both meet with an abstracted yet peremptory refusal.

"I am going to the Grosse Garten, Sarah," says Belinda, giving this piece of information in a not very assured voice, and apparently grateful to the numberless buttons of her gloves for giving her an excuse for bending her head over them.

"Are you?" answers the other carelessly; then, as something in her sister's manner reveals to her how pregnant with import is the walk of which she speaks, adds in quite another tone, and with an accent of the liveliest sympathy: "My blessing go with you. How I wish I could be behind a tree to hear how he does it! But, after all," with a shrug, "in these cases there is never much variety; they all say pretty much the same thing; they have no imagination."

As Belinda reaches the door it is opened by Tommy, for whom Sarah has just rung.

"Now, Tommy," says she, addressing the boy with an extremely admonitory air, "if three German gentlemen come to call this afternoon, mind that you do not admit them all at once. If a second comes before the first is gone, you must tell him that I am engaged, and that he must call again later. Do you understand?—one at a time."

She is still impressing upon the page's ductile mind the all-importance of letting in her admirers singly, when Belinda passes out of hearing.

Along the street she goes. One side of it is in burning sunshine, the other in deep shadow. It seems to her an emblem of the difference between her life before and after yesterday. Why did not she bring the dogs? So royally rich in happiness herself, why should not

she toss what crumbs she can to any such of God's poor creatures as ask her?

The memory of Slutty's eyes imploringly bulging, and of Punch's disappointed back as he trotted tamely away to his cushion, returns to her with a sort of remorse. She is glad when she has passed through the town and reached the Grosse Garten; glad to see the long, broad, green drives quietly stretching away; glad to have left the city noises behind her. And yet even they have sounded melodiously to her to-day. There is perhaps only one sound in the whole world that would not now echo agreeably on her ear—viz., Miss Watson's voice; and even toward Miss Watson how faint and lessening is her ill-will! It is true that she continued to bestow her company upon them yesterday for the remainder of the afternoon; it is true that by her tyrannic overruling they were sent home in different vehicles; but could even she prevent their one moment snatched at parting, with time for but a sentence in it—and that sentence such a prayer to her to meet him here to-day? After to-day she will give Miss Watson leave to thrust herself and her importunities between them if she can. As she makes this reflection she smiles. I think she walks along smiling.

The Grosse Garten is not very frequented; but now and then she passes a couple of loiterers, a single man or woman, a nurse and child. She pities them all from the bottom of her heart: not one of them is going to a tryst with Rivers. She has reached the rendezvous now, a bench beside the Teich; the dull and stagnant pool where the swans are royally riding in the sunshine. He is not here—he has not come yet. She is the first at the tryst. A slight pang of disappointment shoots across her; but in a moment is stilled again. Probably in her eagerness she has walked more quickly than is usual with her. Probably she has taken less time than she calculated for. She looks at her watch. It still wants five minutes to the appointed hour. She sits down on the bench to wait, and her eyes fall on the pool. How crowded with green reflections it is; how different from the weak and pinched leafage of three weeks ago, when she and Sarah last sat here! It has gathered all the horse-chestnuts into its bosom; fans and bloom-spikes, you can see them all again as plainly as, sometimes more plainly than in the reality; wherever, that is to say, the swans' webs' oaring have not broken up the mirror into bright shivers. The remembrance of her last walk here with Sarah, brings back also the remembrance of their talk; of Sarah's advice to her to hurry the pace. The recollection brings a smile of happiness, and of pride, too, over her face. She has used no maneuvers, she has descended to no tricky coquetries; and yet could even Sarah have won him more wholly than she?

It must be half-past four now. Again she takes out her watch. Yes, it is now five minutes over the half-hour; but then probably her watch is fast. It always gains. Reassured afresh, she patiently resumes her waiting. The bench on which she is sitting is almost exactly opposite the spot where on the first of May he had thrown her his intercepted nosegay. At the thought

she smiles again; and this time it must be broadly, for a stranger passing by looks hard and inquiringly at her, as though imagining that her smile was a recognition of and greeting to himself.

In a second she is grave again. This place is too public; when he comes they will seek one of the more quiet paths. When he comes? But he is not come yet! Why does not he come?

She turns her head anxiously in the direction whence she expects him to appear, a creeping disquietude beginning, despite herself, to invade her heart. Is it possible that she can have mistaken his directions? Is it possible that, as she is waiting expectantly for him here, so may he be waiting expectantly for her in some other corner of the large pleasure-gardens? But she dismisses the idea. Did not his few words drop, distinct and clear as articulate words could do, into her ear? Has not she been saying them over to herself ever since? There is nothing for it but patience.

Again she fixes her eyes, not so untroubled as at first, upon the Teich, the swan-house, the swans. To the latter a child is throwing bread; a homely burgher couple have stopped to applaud. In the fostering sunshine the horse-chestnut leaves seem to grow momentarily larger and greener as she looks. Why does not he come? A sense of hurt maiden dignity, of hot and cruel shame at being thus made to appear so far the more eager of the two; at being kept thus long and unworthily waiting at her first love-rendezvous, has come to complicate and intensify her anxiety. In all the mental pictures that through her disturbed and tossing night she has drawn of this meeting, the one contingency that has never crossed her mind as most distantly possible, is that he should be a defaulter from it; he, whose mad over-eagerness to fulfill any engagement in which she is to have a part, has over and over again kept him raging up and down the Lüttichau Strasse for hours and hours in rain and shine, in fervid waiting, until the time has come when he may decently make his appearance. And to-day he is already half an hour late! It is impossible—incredible! And yet if any untoward accident had occurred to prevent him, surely he would have written! Perhaps even now there is a note awaiting her at home. Goaded by this thought, she takes two feverish steps in the direction of a return; then, arrested by the reflection that he may arrive in her absence and find her gone, she stops in painful irresolution. To sit still and look at the swans any longer is at all events impossible.

She walks—but with how different a tread to that with which she had at first approached the spot!—she walks a little away; not so far as to lose the bench, to which her hopes still cling, from sight, but far enough to get a good view down the great main drive. With her trembling hand lifted to shield her eyes, she strains her gaze eagerly down it. Oh, if she could but catch the most distant glimpse of him! Under the trees spreads in glory the dazzling strong spring grass, with its brightness toned down here and there by the shadows of the dark tree-trunks, that in their afternoon quiet lie stilly on it. There is nothing.

With a sort of sob in her throat that shocks herself, she is turning away, when, at the very other end of the avenue, she becomes aware of a man's figure that has suddenly come within eye-range. It is so distant that it is no taller than a pin; but surely it has something of his walk and gait.

Catching at this new hope, she advances quickly to meet the figure. Yes; it certainly has a look of him. Well, she will not upbraid him. No hurt self-love nor petty sulks shall be permitted to mar the heavenly har-

mony of the first outpouring of their hearts into each other. She will not even ask him why he is late. No doubt he has some good reason, which in his own time he will tell her. But alas! she may keep her high resolve for another occasion. She will not need them now. It requires no very near approach to the stranger to reveal that he is not Rivers; that he is not even, when you come close to him, in the very least like him.

It is such a bitter disappointment that she turns into a side alley to hide her tears; but quickly drying them again, hastily returns to the meeting-place, in the panic fear that he may have appeared there from some unexpected point of the compass. But he is not there; and as she ascertains this, with a blank heart-sinking, the city clocks strike the half-hour. It is half-past five! For a whole hour she has been dancing attendance on his pleasure; waiting here, ridiculous and befooled.

With a movement of strong indignation she begins to walk swiftly homewards; but before she has gone five yards, her purpose slackens. She cannot yet bear to face the fact that this is what her day's splendid and apparently so sure promises are to end in—this humiliated, balked, back-coming! She will give him five minutes more. Possibly, not very improbably even, he may have mistaken the appointed hour, and have thought that it was half-past five instead of half-past four. In that case he would be scarcely at all late, even now.

A little recovered by this new flicker of hope, she sits down. Yes; she will give him five minutes more, and during all these five she will not look round once, or send her eyes in search of him. Perhaps that will bring her luck. But it does not. The five minutes are gone, and he is not here. She gives him ten more, and then five again. Twice she repeats her little feverish excursion to the head of the main avenue; these times she is not even deluded by the will-of-the-wisp of a possible resemblance in any of the few saunterers that occupy it, to him whom she, with a now so evident hopelessness, seeks.

It is only the clocks striking six that at length make her really and desperately turn homewards. Each one of their tranquil strokes seems to her the beat of a cruel hammer on her heart. But putting out of the question the bootlessness of any further delay, self-respect, at length aroused, forbids her any more moments to the humiliating and miserable hour and a half she has already spent.

"If I had had any proper pride, I should have gone home an hour ago," she says to herself in bitterest dejection, as she passes along. She holds her head, usually carried a little loftily, well down. It seems to her as if everybody who meets her must read in her face her deep discomfiture, and the fool's errand on which she has been. She quickens her pace to get away from them; to be safe out of the streets so full of gaudy light, where at any time she may meet an acquaintance—worse still, one of their yesterday's party; worst of all, Miss Watson.

As she nears the Lüttichau Strasse her distress lightens a little; the hope of finding there a note, a message, some solving of this most inhuman riddle, buoys up her steps and gives life again to her looks. It cannot be but that there must be some clearing up of this wretched *contretemps*. It will have, as she says to herself, to be a very bright clearing up indeed, to indemnify her for the sufferings of the afternoon—that very afternoon whose anticipated joys she had pitied every chance passer-by that she met, for not being about to share.

"Well," cries Sarah, standing in the open salon door, and looking expectantly beyond her sister's figure for

another, "where is he? what have you done with him? I want to fall on his neck and kiss him. I have long," laughing, "been wishing for an excuse to do it, and now I have an excellent one."

Belinda had not meant to have entered the salon. She had hoped to have slunk unperceived to her room; for has not Tommy, in answer to her fevered questions, philosophically assured her that there has been neither note nor message left for her in her absence.

"Do not," she says hoarsely, "do not laugh. I cannot bear it. He was not there; he never came!"

"Never came!" echoes Sarah in a tone of bottomless wonder, her pretty eyes and mouth opening with a stare and a gape. "Then," gradually recovering the power of speech, "then where have you been, may I ask—what have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been waiting for him," answers Belinda, trying to speak steadily, though at that humiliating confession such a tide of crimson rushes over her poor proud face as one would think must leave all the rest of her body bloodless.

"But it is monstrous!" cries the other in a tone of the wildest excitement; "ça n'a pas de nom; there is some mistake. He is a man, he is a gentleman; of course he has written—he has sent?"

Belinda shakes her head.

"No; I asked Tommy."

"Tommy!" repeats Sarah in a tone of the most contemptuous indignation. "Tommy, indeed! That boy is ripening for the tread-mill or the gallows, or both, as fast as he can. You will hardly believe that after what I said to him—you heard me—he showed them up all at once."

Then, ringing the bell violently, "Tommy," she says very sharply, "how dare you say that there is not a note for Miss Churchill? Of course there is a note. Go this moment to look for it, and do not come back without it!"

Paying no attention whatever to his asseverations, she waves him from the room; and then follow a few moments of painful waiting. At the end of them Tommy returns with, sure enough, a missive of some kind on a salver.

"I told you how it would be!" exclaims Sarah, triumphantly pouncing upon it and the unlucky child at once. "How dare you tell such a story, you naughty boy? Do you know where liars go to?"

And he may pour into her unheeding ear his faltering attempt to lay the blame on Gustel, who answers the bell when he is out; she does not hear a word he says. In a fury of impatient anxiety, she is stooping over Belinda's shoulder: Belinda, whose shaking fingers can scarcely tear the envelope asunder.

A thin blue paper falls out. It is the bill from a Porzellan Handlung for a couple of Meissen figures purchased there a week ago. In an uncontrollable spasm of misery, she throws it on the floor and bursts into tears.

CHAPTER XII.

"STILL at dinner, are they? I shall not detain them a moment; I am sure they will admit me; they always admit me. No, I will not wait in the salon; I will join them in the dining-room."

Such are the sentences uttered by Miss Watson's voice, and plainly audible through the door on that same evening, as addressed to Tommy, who is opposing his puny infant strength to the forcible breaking in upon his mistresses at their dessert by the before-mentioned lady. With what result may readily be guessed.

"Have you heard about young Rivers?" cries she, thrusting the boy aside and bursting in upon them.

They are sitting, as they have sat upon so many happier evenings, the one old woman and the two young ones, in their pretty *soigné* evening dresses. For the last three-quarters of an hour Belinda has been struggling to solve the problem how to swallow. It is dreadful to eat, but it is still more dreadful to have your lack of appetite noticed and wondered at. Grapes are perhaps less difficult than most other things for an unwilling palate to deal with; and she has taken a few Muscats, and is holding a small bunch between her hot and listless fingers at the time of Miss Watson's bounding entrance. Instantly they fall with a slight patter upon her plate.

"What about him?" asks Sarah eagerly, jumping up and running toward the intruder, while Mrs. Churchill drops the little red Alpine strawberry she is in the act of lifting to her lips, and says in an amazed voice:

"Dear me, Miss Watson! how you startle one!"

"You have not heard, then?" says the other loudly, in a voice of relief. "I am the first to tell you?"

"Yes, yes; of course. What is there to tell?" As she speaks, Sarah places herself adroitly between their visitor and her view of Belinda, and mentally thanks her gods for the failing light and the unkindled gas.

"I was at the station this evening," begins the other, only too happy to embark upon her tale; "indeed, I have come almost straight thence." She is in rather disheveled morning dress. "I went to see the Rays off. You know how much we have been together; they would never have forgiven me if I had not!"

Despite her anxious suspense, Sarah cannot avoid a sardonic smile. It is the open secret of the whole English colony that the Ray family has been compelled, by Watson assiduities, regretfully and at great personal inconvenience, to curtail their stay in the Saxon capital.

"I took their tickets for them," pursues the unconscious narrator—"I never mind trouble—indeed, I insisted upon it. To tell truth, I was a little glad of the opportunity to find out where they were going to book to, about which they had made rather a foolish mystery, when, just as I was counting my change, whom should I see coming up to the ticket-office but young Rivers!"

"Well?" Even Sarah is a little breathless.

"And what brings you here, pray?" I said. "Are you come, too, to see the Rays off?" He did not hear me. I was prepared for that; you know you explained to me that he was a little deaf. By-the-way, that deafness should be seen to at once, and so I shall tell him, if I ever meet him again."

If she ever meets him again! Belinda is leaning forward in an attitude of the acutest strained listening; her heart is beating against the edge of the table with loud, hard blows.

"He evidently could not have heard me," pursues Miss Watson fluently; "nor seen me either, for the matter of that, as he turned sharp round and walked off in the other direction. Of course, as soon as the Rays could spare me, I went after him and overtook him."

"Of course!" murmurs Sarah, under her breath.

"I put my hand on his arm. 'Come, now, where are you off to?' just like that. He shook my hand off—you know he never had any manners—that is why I think he must be related to the Stukeley Rivers; they are proverbially rude, as a family. 'What do you want?' he said, just as if he had not heard my question. 'I want to know where you are off to?' I said. 'Where are you off to?' He hesitated for a moment, and then

seeing, I suppose, that I was not to be trifled with, that I was determined to have an answer of some kind, he turned his head quite away, and said, so low that I could hardly hear him, 'I am going back to England to-night.' Then he was away like a shot, and what with the confusion of the train coming in, and seeing that the Rays had all their parcels right in the carriage—of course, at the last moment, one was missing—I never caught another glimpse of him." She stops, out of breath, her narrative ended; nor, for a moment, does any one of her three auditors comment upon it.

Belinda has sunk back in her chair, and round her the room is spinning. Sarah, Miss Watson, granny, the dogs, all are whirling. Mrs. Churchill is the first to speak.

"I suppose," she says, in a voice still somewhat ruffled by Miss Watson's inroad, and picking up the sugar-sifter in her delicate old fingers, "that he was tired of Dresden. There is nothing very wonderful in that. Punch, take your hands off the table this instant."

"But it is so sudden!" cries Miss Watson, in a loud, aggrieved tone, as if Rivers' departure were a personal injury. "Why did not he tell us? He never told me; did he ever tell you he was going?" Nobody takes the trouble to answer. "I am sure that yesterday, at Wesenstein, nobody would have said that he had such an idea in his head, would they now?" turning directly to Belinda.

By a great exertion of the powers of the mind over their weaker brothers of the body, Belinda has forced the room and the people to stand steady and still again. By a like exertion, she frames a sentence, which, though short, is not conspicuously tremulous.

"No; I think not."

"Probably he was telegraphed for home," says Sarah, coming hastily to her sister's rescue, and trying to divert from her the brunt of Miss Watson's eyes and speech. "Probably he had bad news."

"I should not wonder," answers Miss Watson, looking down on the floor for a moment in inquisitive reflection. "I should not at all wonder. He looked like a man who had had bad news. In point of fact, he looked shockingly ill. I never saw a man so changed in so short a time. I am so annoyed with myself," in a tone of the sincerest vexation, "for not having asked him point-blank!"

"I should have thought that you might have spared yourself that reproach," says Sarah; adding, as she casts an oblique glance in the friendly dusk toward Belinda, to see how she is holding up, "most likely one of his relations is dead."

"I hope it is not even worse than that," answers the other, in a voice of mysterious curiosity. "I hope that none of his sisters have got into a disagreeable scrape. You know that, in the world, the Rivers women have the character of being *un peu lesté*."

It is not till every possible conjecture has been exhausted, till the few facts known have been worn bare and shiny by turning and handling, that Miss Watson at length withdraws. She would not have gone then, had not the idea suddenly presented itself, that, if she make haste, she will be able before bed-time to force herself and her news upon three or four more households.

No sooner is the outer door safely shut upon her, than—

"Tommy is incorrigible!" says Mrs. Churchill, in a tone of irritation. "The number of times that I have impressed upon him not to admit that woman on any pretext whatever, while we are at dinner!"

"Pooh, granny! what nonsense you talk!" replies Sarah, disrespectfully. "When that great galleon bears down upon him, what can a poor little skiff like Tommy do? Of course she will come to breakfast and luncheon and dinner, and we may think ourselves very lucky if she does not insist on thrusting herself upon us in our baths." As she speaks, she puts her hand under her sister's heavy hanging, limp arm, and draws her away toward the salon. "If you will be so slow, granny," she says, with a parting laugh, "we must leave you to carouse alone. I believe you enjoy yourself more when you have no witnesses of your gormandize."

But arrived in the salon, she no longer laughs. Belinda has thrown herself flaccidly into a chair. The curtains are undrawn, and through them her eyes stare out upon the street—the street where, through the deepening gloom, the lit lamps, but now such insignificant yellow specks, are beginning to gain importance and use—the street so continually worn by his eager footsteps, where she has so often heard them, up and down, up and down, waiting, watching for hours, if it be past all seemliness and moderation for him to venture a visit on the bare chance of her throwing him out one parting smile. All through dinner she has been dreading the evening—dreading its suspense, the bell that will ring now and again, the intervals that will elapse, and then the blank silence, nothing resulting, showing that it was not he who rang. Well, suspense is over and gone now; but she would be glad to have it back again, seeing that it has taken hope with it.

"Well," she says after a pause, looking up wearily at her sister, who stands beside her with her fair arms folded and her white brows bent in an attitude of serious reflection very unnatural to her; "well, what do you say now? Who was right now?"

"I," replies Sarah. "I am more convinced than ever that he left a note or message for you, and that it has miscarried."

Belinda's shoulders lift themselves slightly in an unbelieving shrug.

"Notes do not miscarry."

"He left it with the servants to send," pursues Sarah decidedly, "and they—you know what German servants are—put it into the post or into the fire, to save themselves trouble."

Belinda offers no contradiction, but neither does any ray of hope brighten her dull face at this hypothesis.

"Are you quite sure," asks Sarah, looking penetratingly in her elder's face, so as to glean her answer from it rather than from her words, "are you quite sure that you did not snub him yesterday at Wesenstein? I know that you very often do it without intending it; that you can no more help it than you can help drawing breath; but you are sure that you did not?"

"Snubbed him! good heavens, no!"

She has writhed herself half over, and is thrusting her poor face into the cushioned back of the chair, as if she wished that she could for ever bury it there, while the blood seems to be rushing in hot shamed tinglings all over her body, as her sister's words call up before her in all the vividness of new life that scene in the wood, in which snubbing bore so small a part.

"Then it is perfectly obvious," replies Sarah collectedly, and with cool common sense, "as I told that hornet just now, that he has had bad news and been telegraphed for home. I hope," with an accent of awakened anxiety, "that it is not the iron that has gone wrong."

"I hope it is, not anything about his father," says Belinda, startled by this suggestion out of her own

hot and miserable retrospect; "he would never get over it."

"Pooh!" says Sarah; "sons do not die of their fathers' deaths; and, in fact, as far as we are concerned, it would simplify matters a good deal; he would be his own father then."

For a few moments there is a silence, cut into only by the sound of Punch's snores, regular and long drawn out, through the door. It is Belinda who, contrary to what one would have expected, breaks it.

"You were always telling me," she says with a hard smile, that yet looks as if it needed only one touch to make it dissolve into bitter tears—"you were always telling me that I was so cold to him; you were always advising and urging me to be less cold; perhaps," with a sort of gasp, "perhaps I have obeyed you too well; perhaps—perhaps he thinks so."

"Do you mean," cries Sarah, with a derisive laugh, whose offensive quality is, however, lessened by the soothing gesture of a kind arm thrown at the same moment round her afflicted elder's neck, "do you mean to

say that you suspect him of having taken to his heels because you gave him two civil words and one look that was not a scowl? If such is the case, he is a valuable admirer, and the more express trains he gets into the better."

But Belinda is too much cast down to make any rejoinder.

"You will pardon my saying so," continues Sarah in a counterfeit apology that is contradicted by the lurking mirth in her eye, "but he would not have been nearly so tiresome as he was if he had not been genuinely in love. If a man is only playing at love, he can be civil and amusing to other people; but," breaking into an unavoidable laugh, "was poor David amusing? he had his one solitary everlasting *idée fixe*. My dear soul," passing her light hand with a stroking motion down Belinda's heaving shoulder, "what a trial he was to granny and me! And—cheer up!—what a trial he will be again!"

This is all the consolation, if consolation it can be called, that Belinda has to take to bed with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LETTER TO EVA.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Now that you have left my life as one leaves a house in a strange land to which there shall be no return; now that I move on alone in the darkness, the coldness and desolation of my days, only one thing holds any hope of comfort for me, and that is to live over in my memory the only happy days of my life. I think of them; I dream of them; and now I have bethought myself to write out a connected account of them, and address it to you, just as if you would one day read it:

Yesterday I walked up to the house where I first met you, on the first of July, five years ago. I saw that the house was to let; and I got permission to go over it. As I stood in the large, empty drawing-rooms, the place was changed for me, as by magic. It was again richly furnished—again brilliant with light, thronged with people. I heard again a clamor of voices, as when I stood that night in the doorway. A hand fell on my arm, and my hostess said:

"Mr. Archer, I want at once to introduce you to a most charming woman, a great admirer of your novels. She has had a romantic story of her own."

So saying, she piloted me across the crowded rooms, and we stood before you.

"Miss Linton, here is Mr. Archer. I told you I would bring him."

"I have very often wished to have the pleasure of meeting you," you said, turning to me, and frankly putting out your hand.

Those were the first words you spoke to me. For the first time I heard my ideal voice—the low, subtle, thrilling, sympathetic voice, with a note in it of tender, pleading music, unlike any other voice that I have ever heard. Did I take in all its beauty that night? Hardly, I think, yet I felt it keenly, and from the first you charmed me.

Oh, fair, gracious face, lit by the fair, gracious soul! Oh, perfect, passionate mouth, such as the old Greeks

loved—formed for kisses and music! Oh beautiful, deep, changeable eyes, and white, thoughtful brows, with their crown of soft brown hair—in how short a time they began to come to me in my dreams at night! You know, too, I thought you had the queenliest figure that ever woman had. No woman ever held herself so proudly or so graciously. There was something in the touch of your white, smooth, small, but withal strong hand, that seemed to speak to me. You wore that night a soft, luminous dress; you had a red rose in your bosom, and a red rose in your hair. I sat down by you and we began to talk. Our talk was about novels, poetry, English and American, and of the places we had visited. When you rose to leave, I went with you to your carriage, and you asked me to come to see you. I had been longing for you to do this. Looking back, now, I see that, though I did not realize it then, I must have been in love with you that night.

I went back to the house after you left, but remained only a few minutes. It seemed so worse than uninteresting when you were gone. All night I lay awake thinking of you, recalling your voice, longing to hear it again.

I turned away yesterday, sadly as one leaves a friend, from that house over whose floors your feet had passed, that had been swept by the hem of your dress, and where I had first seen you. I came back into the heart of London, and walked for some time to and fro in front of that other house you had till so recently occupied, over the threshold of which I had passed so many times. As I walked up and down, in the raw air of the November night, hearing the discontented wind sweeping along the leaves that had fallen from the trees in the London Square, the pain and loneliness of my life seemed more than I could endure. A boy with a basket stopped in front of the house and rung the servants' bell; a light appeared for a moment at one of the upper

windows and then vanished. I should have liked to kneel down and kiss the dear stone steps which your beloved feet had crossed so many times.

Slowly I turned back then to my chambers to think of you, then finally to find some rest from thought by means of kindly choral. It will kill me in the end, perhaps, but what matter!

That night I had such a wonderful dream of you. I thought I was walking in a strange, lonely, sunset country, something like country I have seen, but unmistakably dream-country. No one was in sight, but from the tranquil field, and from the patient hill, I heard a sound of many divine voices singing, and I knew they were singing of you, and my heart leaped and thrilled in me, and the song told that you were coming; and just for great delight to think that I should see you again, the tears burst forth and I wept like a child. Then all in a minute you stood before me, your face more beautiful than ever, in the sunset light of that fair dream-country. It seemed to me that you were the queen of it, and when you saw my tears, thinking them tears of sorrow, you threw both your beautiful arms around my neck, and I laid your subtle lips to mine. I felt your clinging close to me. I thought I should have fainted from the joy of it; instead, I awoke—oh, the bitter awakening that it was!

The day I next saw you after the first meeting was the fifth of July, the day on which you told me I might call. It was a brilliantly fine day, too intense for most people, but not so for me. Besides, your drawing-room, with its tempered sweetness, its flowers, its delicate tints, was a heaven of shade. Not as I saw you on one day only do you appear to me in memory, but as I have seen you on many days. Still, visions of you, as I saw you on certain special days, beset me specially, and very often I see you as I saw you that day. Your soft dress was veined with blue; you looked a divine blending of heaven and earth—you might have been a saint to die for; you were a woman to live for. I remember the tone of voice in which you said, "I am very glad to see you." Just as if really you were a little glad. Then, of course, we fell to talking of what a hot day it was, and from that of people who like compromises with nature as with all things. I said I was always in extremes; but, all the same, a great believer in compromise; and you laughed, a little, a-half perplexed laugh, and said that you believed only in things that were absolute. You seemed to draw me on to talk of myself, which, as I told you at the time, is not a favorite subject of conversation with me. Before I left you, you knew, I think, the lonely, reserved man I was—made cruelly lonely by a nature utterly insufficient for itself, yet not finding in any companionship that for which it sought, for which it still craved ceaselessly.

When I rose to leave you I saw tender sympathy for me in your then gray and so compassionate eyes, heard sympathy in the tones of your voice, felt sympathy in the touch of your fair, firm hand. I went to the club that night, but did not hear what any one said, so lost was I in trying to recall the way in which you spoke. I fell asleep and awoke early, my heart flooded with the thought of you. This interest which I had in you—I, who until then, had been interested in no one—seemed to remake life; for when I looked back on the internal loneliness of the days before I knew you, I wondered how I ever could have borne them.

That day I made some pretext on which to write to you. Two days after I called upon you, in the evening, as you had told me I might. It was a hot, windless evening, with a storm brooding. You received me very

kindly, and we sat for a happy hour in the twilight. Presently you said:

"Is there no chance of cure for your loneliness?" and I answered: "A week ago I should have said no such chance could be. Now I say there is; it rests with you."

"With me?"

"Yes, with you; will you be my friend? Will you let me be yours?"

"I think I need a friend as much as you do," you answered, with a little sigh. Then, with one of those dear impulses, which were so adorable in you, you put out both hands, and I took them, and held them in mine for a minute.

When did the feeling first burn home to me that what I felt for you was love—love in the sense of being in love—not the friendship I had imagined? I could not keep away from you; could not keep from writing to you. In one letter, I remember, I asked you to explain me to myself. Here I have your answer—the handwriting is faded with time, that beautiful handwriting, which, like everything about you, had on it the impress of your own gracious individuality. Oh, dear letter, once warm from your own hand; a letter in which I almost seem to hear you speak. You say:

"DEAR FRIEND: Your letter, half-sad, half-glad, came to me this morning with many others. I turned at once to yours. You ask me to explain yourself to yourself—to tell you why it is that while you are glad in my friendship—gladder, you are good enough to say, than of anything else in your life—you are yet so restless at times, even so despairing.

"As a rule, no woman is more stupid at explanations than am I; but I think this a problem that I can solve. By your own account, when you met me you were a lonely, reserved, self-contained man, never having known a real friendship. You say that your friendship with me made you, for the first time in your life, *live*. I have made a new world for you, you tell me—given a meaning to the summer it has never had before.

"My friend, a sudden friendship stimulated you thus; but you see now, don't you, that it is not by any means all you thought it would be? Hence your restlessness; hence your despair; but I, your new friend, am hopeful for you. Your power to feel so much shows me a capability of feeling still more. It has been my good fortune in life, when I never thought to be of any more good at all, to rouse you from lethargy, to plant in you some knowledge of what life may be made. Am I a little sorry to think that another friend must complete what I have only begun? Perhaps I am—I know I am—selfish. I suppose I should have liked this friendship, which came to you so unexpectedly, to have been the completest of your life; but I will try to be glad of what is best for you.

"Will you come to-morrow, and talk over with me the plot of your new novel? I want this, your next book, to be very much alive. I half feel as if the sun of our friendship were setting. Come to-morrow, and tell me that it is not quite sundown yet—it often turns so very chilly in the twilight.

Your friend,

"EVA."

The next day I reproached you with your letter, which, all the same, had been so dear to me, as evidence that you did value my friendship. Your face brightened when I told you that never another such friendship could come to me.

"I am glad that, at least, you think so now," you said, in a tone that was as sweet almost and as subtle as a caress. I passed the evening with you. You did not know then, my Eva, how I longed to kneel down by you—to kiss your lips, your hands, your dress, the heavy

gold locket hanging at your white, wonderful throat. And I had to sit at a little distance from you, and dared not even reach out and take your hand. You were gay the early part of that evening. Talking of an acquaintance of ours, supposed by most women to be very dangerous to men's peace of mind, you said:

"She is a bright, noisy little brooklet of a woman—pretty to look at, but too shallow to drown in."

Do you, at this date, remember describing to me a sunset you had seen once on the coast of France—a wonderful opal sunset, in whose strange light shore and sea seemed translated?

"It was a sunset that hushed you," you said. "It seemed like the glorified ghost of a sunset."

I have seen in your eyes, my love, when talking of anything that greatly moved you, a look of passionate inspiration, as if they saw deep into the mystery of things. In your voice, too, at such times, was a rapture I knew well, which corresponded to that look which I have seen in no eyes but yours, as I have heard that subtle, thrilling tone only in your voice.

As the evening wore on you fell sad; thus, sometimes, after a day of brilliant sunshine and perfect stillness, just at sunset a sad little wind begins to moan among the trees, and the sky grows gray and hopeless. So seemed to me the change in you; nor was it the first time I had noted this sudden transition. Do you remember my asking you why you were so sad? You answered:

"How do you know I am sad? Have I said so?"

Then I did take your hand, and I said: "Eva, could we be the friends we are, and I not know, without your telling me, when you are sad? Will you not tell me what makes you so?" Oh, my God, how I longed then to draw you close to my heart, and kiss all shadow of trouble from your face; to banish all trouble from your heart!

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.

You answered, looking down, "Of something that is over. I will try not to be sad when you are here. Indeed, I ought not, remembering how cold and lonely I should be now without your friendship."

Soon after it was time for me to go, but all that night I could not sleep, so haunted was I by your sad yearning, pleading, almost hopeless eyes; by your low voice, which had in it that pathetic elemental music, that soft, rainy trouble, which we hear in the summer wind that comes before the rain.

"What is her trouble?" I pondered as I lay awake that night, and owned at last to myself that I loved you madly—that if, by dying for you I could make you happy, I would so gladly die.

You may remember my calling on you the next afternoon. You were going for a walk, and you let me go with you. Your very sad mood of the past night seemed to have passed away. You were gay—gay in your own bright way.

Oh, love of my life, who shall say what it was that most of all in you enthralled me—the wonderful voice, changing with every emotion as the beautiful eyes changed, or the delicate imagination, that divine sense of ideality which contrasted with your strength of will, your power to conceive rapidly and execute surely, and made you not only a beauty and a refuge in the world, but a positive good? or was it for that exquisite, unnamable fragrance of womanhood which escaped from you—the rose-scent from a rose? or was it for your moods of sweet waywardness, like the shadows of April trees shaking in the sunny, windy course of a rapid brooklet? or was it for your sadness, which sounded in me un-

known depths of pity? Oh, my poet! oh, my busy, kindly worker! I loved each separate charm of yours ten hundred times more than the most passionate lover ever loved the whole united force of his mistress' attractions. You were, even in those days, what you are now, what you must always remain to me—my beautiful wonder of women. It was the fifteenth of August when I left England for Rocherville, on the coast of Normandy, where you were to follow in a few days, with a party of friends. You thought it best that I should go first, and I obeyed you. We passed the evening of the fourteenth together. I wonder if you remember it at all? You were sad and said you should miss me. I asked you to write to me, and you smiled as if pleased, and answered, "I don't think the sun of our friendship has begun to set as yet."

I remember how a street piano played under your window. It was playing the "Carnival de Venice." Whenever I hear that tune now it brings back to me your drawing-room in the twilight; yourself lying on the sofa—for you were tired that night—while I sat close by, worshiping you, yet not daring to tell you of the great love which was making me afraid of myself.

Do you remember telling me to talk, and calling me stupid? You did not know then that I could not talk because I was so full of grief at parting from you, even for a few days. Oh, did not the shadow of that parting forecast this greater shadow, which is even as the shadow of death?

—Shall I ever forget the twentieth of August? I did not expect you until the twenty-sixth. I had been roving all day about the shore, thinking of you and longing for you, when, coming back, about nine o'clock, passing the window of the hotel, I saw you sitting there, your dear eyes bent down, the lamplight shining on your warm brown hair. I entered without your having seen me, and in another moment we stood face to face.

"I have been wondering where we should meet,"—those were your first words. "You are surprised to see me before my time. It was the sudden arrangement of my friends. They found they could leave London earlier than they had hoped."

"Heaven bless your friends!" I said, as I pressed your hand close in mine.

Then we joined your party, and sat all together on the beach. Oh, the joy of that night—the supreme comfort of knowing you were with me! Unseen by the others, you let your hand rest in mine. All that night I could not sleep for thinking of you. To the immaculate moonlight and the everlasting sea I told my love. Whichever way I looked I seemed to see you before me, as I had seen you so unexpectedly in the *salon* of the hotel, the lamplight falling on your soft brown hair, the face bent down, the dear eyes never meeting mine.

How I must always love Rocherville for the sake of the days that followed! For a week you seemed less sad; but after that the old pensive moods came back very frequently, until there arrived that never-to-be-forgotten seventh of September.

It was a bright, gusty day, and we were walking along the high road when heavy raindrops began to come down, so we took shelter under some trees. The ground was carpeted with leaves, and on them we sat down. I came nearer to you than I had ever dared to do before. Then my love could no longer be kept under. I flung my arms about you, and you did not move from me. My lips clung to your neck; just then we heard voices of people we knew approaching, and, rising, we were on the instant once more only friends. I did not see you alone again until evening; we had been visiting your friends,

the Stones, you may remember, and it was my good fortune to see you back to your hotel. Do you, I wonder, remember the brilliant moonlight of that night, and the high west wind bringing to us, as we walked, the sound and the smell of the sea? We walked on until we came to the beach, and there we sat down together. Then, for the first time, I kissed your lips and felt your kiss answering mine; then I lay with my head in your lap, while you leaned above me and your fingers played in my hair. The white waves, exulting in their strength, shimmering in the pure, potent moonlight, filling the spacious night with their own wild, matchless music, will be forever associated in my mind with the memory of that night.

The next day I called to see you at your hotel—a wild, windy day it was, with occasional bursts of rain! A bitter day for me, my love, that dead day was.

I found you restless and sad, pacing up and down the room. When I went to kiss you, you drew back, and I hear again the tone, half of pity and half of terror, in which you said, as you shrank from me: "No, you must not; I have wronged you enough already. You must hear me!" Then you sat down, clasped your cold hands closely together, and told me about yourself and Frank Leinster. Then I heard that the man you loved, whose wife you had promised to be, had, without one word of explanation, left you; that he had last been seen on his way to France, in the companionship of a woman about whom report did not speak too favorably; that notwithstanding this, you had for five years cherished the belief that he would, in the end, return to you, as the only woman he could ever really love, as he was the one man that you could ever really love. All this you told me; and told me how, the day before, you had been for a few hours betrayed into thinking that you would give up all hope of a future with him and draw from my love what happiness you could; but that, alas, this could not be! "Some day," you said, "I feel certain he will return; for were we not made for one another? And then, dear, if you were my husband, what could we do? Would you not even suffer more than we? Can you forgive me for having given you false hopes?"

Did I not forgive you, Eva? You let me kneel beside you and kiss your hands. Then, just as a child might, you leaned your head on my shoulder and the tears came; and so full of pity was I then, my darling, I hardly felt my own suffering. I realized how terrible must have been those long years of vain waiting; how day after day hope would rise, only to fall stricken at night, when no word came from him; and still, after all, hope was not dead. Then I asked you to let me be your friend, one always longing to do your will; and if, I said, "in the course of many years he should not have come, or you should hear of his marriage, then perhaps you will be mine, though you can never love me as you loved him."

You answered, with a faint smile through your tears: "What! do you think you shall love me like this when I am old, as I should be then? I am not a young woman, even now."

"To me," I cried, "you must always be the same. You will let me be your friend, then?" I pleaded. And you answered, earnestly pressing my hands:

"Yes, my very, very dearest friend in all the world."

At the end of September you left Normandy, and shortly after I followed. I came back to town to find vast masses of work awaiting me. I wrote hard through the gray, hopeless days; then how good it was to come to you in the evening! What rest, what joy I found in you, my pure of heart! Of course, seeing us so much

together people began to talk, to wonder why we did not marry; but we cared little what they said. You were the whole world to me, and you felt me nearer to you than any but that one.

As I write to you, here in my dreary room, this gloomy November night, I have your picture before me and a packet of your letters. As I turn them over, what a fragrance seems to escape from them! Here is one dated the sixth of December. You write:

"DEAREST FRIEND: I have to pass this evening with an old school friend. I shall greatly miss seeing you. Moreover, I am very sad to-day. God bless you, my friend, for all your tenderness to me and patience with me; but, dear, I want to write to you what I can better write than say. It is that I feel I am doing you a wrong in letting you devote yourself to me as you do. I feel still that *he* will come back to me; but, if he does not, could I, even after many years, marry any one else? I am shadowing your life with the sorrow of mine. I am sad. This cruel waiting has worn my health away. You think me pretty now—in a little while you will not think me so. You must try to see less of me—must try to take interest in some woman happier and younger than I am. I shall be lonely when I see you less often; but I shall know that it is best for you. As tired children long to go to bed and sleep, so it seems to me that I long to be out of the pain of living. I think sometimes that *will* be before very long.

"Because you are not coming to me this evening, do not pass the time in working. You looked ill yesterday. We shall miss each other I know, but I know, too, that it is for the best."

Did you not know, my love, that I would not, could not, keep away from you? Do you remember how sometimes we would sit together quite silently through the long winter twilights, seeing visions in the fire? I can hear your voice come softly through the twilight, "Are you tired, dear?" Tired! was I ever tired in your presence?

To me that winter passed like a troubled yet happy dream. To love you had been the supreme revelation of my life. I had before been, as it were, my own prison-house. It was you who broke down the bars—you who led me out into God's light—you who made me know the divine possibilities of life. Had I not reason to worship you, my heart's queen?

Do you remember that April day when we took our first spring drive together? You were gay that day, my poor darling—in one of your glad, childlike moods. To me you would always remain young. It was the day that we went over Hampton Court together. A few days ago I went there by myself. Along the paths I seemed to see flutter again the hem of your dress. In the palace I seemed to have a vision of you standing before a favorite picture. I got strangely in people's way, I know, being blind to all but that vision of you.

When the third year of our friendship had passed, and still he came not, stronger than you knew grew in me the divine hope of making you my wife. Yet I reproached myself for being glad, knowing how you pined for him—for that other man. Did I think that my love might, in the end, come to make you love me more? Perhaps I did. You never, I think, really understood just how well I loved you. Yet that I loved you well, you did certainly know. Sometimes you would say, so piteously, with that sad look in your eyes:

"No one, I think, will ever be as good to me as you are. It is not often that a man loves a woman as you love me."

Ah! but when before had there been such a woman to love?

You can hardly forget the first of May, 1871. I had sat up all the past night working, and came to you to be rested and refreshed. I was strangely alive, as people often are for a while, when they have been sitting up through the night. What a spring day that was—a haze of heat hung in the windless air! It was a day when sounds could be heard with wonderful distinctness. Long after he had passed the house we could hear a man, with a barrow, crying, "Fine flowers, fine flowers—all a-blowing, all a-growing!" and you said the sound lingered in the air as if it had not strength enough wholly to pass away. Your rooms that day were fragrant with blossoms. You wore a soft, blue, clinging dress, such as I loved.

Do you remember how, before I could prevent, you came and knelt down by me, and said, laying your dear, cool hands on mine: "I have been thinking of many things. I am not happy as things are. Dear, if I give you all that I can—all that has been saved out of my existence—do you still care to make me your wife?"

You know what answer I made—with what rapture I folded you to my heart, to be at last my very own. How happy I meant to make you! Ah, that was my life's crowning day!

We arranged the marriage for early in October. Yet, my love, I knew even in those days that though you took the shelter of my love, and longed to make me happy, you still remembered that other man. Often I saw that your gayety was forced; I saw, as it were, the tears quivering behind the smile. When we were silent there would come into your eyes a strange, far-away look, and at such times I knew that your thoughts were with him. Was I pained? Was I not proud to be anything to you? Had you loved me as I loved you I could not have suffered for you. I did not hint to you that I knew how often your heart was far away from me, and you were grateful, I know, for my silence. As the days went on your health failed more and more. It was the last day of July that you went, for change of air, to visit a relative at Dover. Dover is dear to me, for your sake, ever since, yet sad withal now as a graveyard, where the heart's beloved are buried.

Were you wasting away? Were you going to die? The cold drops stood on my forehead at the thought. I remember how, one day when I had gone out thinking to take a long walk to induce sleep at night, these fears so possessed me that I turned straight back, and, entering the room where you were, found you lying on the sofa, and crying softly to yourself; only because you were weak, you said, drawing my face down to yours—your dear face, wet with tears. It was that day that I persuaded you to go to Dover, where I soon followed you, arranging to go up to town once a fortnight for consultation with my publishers regarding some works then in progress. What strange, sweet, sad months were those of August and September. We were to be married the second of October. The sea air seemed not to do you the good it ought. Should I lose you before you had ever been really mine? I suppose it was good for me that I had to work. I used to hurry through the mornings feverishly, and then go to you. How sweet you always were—sad as death, I used to think sometimes, but sweet as the after-peace of Heaven! One day I could bear it no longer. I knelt down beside you, and I cried out:

"Eva, is my love killing you? For God's sake, tell me the truth."

"Oh, how sad your voice was when you answered me! and it seemed to come like a whisper from some far place beyond my reach. You said:

"No, dear, no! It will save me if anything can." And then you said, over again, still more faintly, "*if anything can*," and you put out your hands to me, and I saw how the bracelets fell back from the little, wasted, blue-veined wrists, and realized more than ever what a mere shadow of your former self you were. But I thought no more of giving you up. You had said that my love could save you if anything could, and I clung to that. Of what use was I in the world *but* to save you—to help you—even if to do so had been to break my own heart? I looked forward with a feverish, unreasonable hope to our marriage. I thought, vainly perhaps, and foolishly, that when I could take you into a new life, and amidst new scenes fill up your time with new interests, you would forget at last—you, with your passionate, faithful heart!

I remember—God pity me, how well I remember!—the thirtieth day of that September! I spent the whole day with you. I was going to London early the next morning, to make the last arrangements for our marriage, then so nigh. I gave myself, that day, a long holiday with you. I thought you seemed a little better. I read to you in the morning, while you lay upon the sofa, some poems that we both loved. "The Haystack in the Floods" was among them, and your eyes kindled at that with something of their old fire. In the afternoon I drove you myself for miles along the sea, and we listened to it, throbbing its heart out against the shore, as you said. Then, when the tide began to ebb, and a low wind, sad with prophecy, arose, I took you home.

That night when I bade you good-by I held you close in my arms—I, your lover, so soon to be your husband. I kissed your dear, consenting lips; but all the time the far-away look never left your eyes, and a pang pierced me, for I felt that some presence I could not see came between you and my kisses. And yet what a *good* night that was, if I had only known!

The next morning I went up to town; and, first of all, I went to leave some copy at my publishers'. There quite a packet of letters was handed to me, and the first one I looked at gave me a sensation something as if I had seen a ghost. It was the very peculiar, unforgettable handwriting of a man who had been my closest friend at Oxford, yet of whom I had lost sight utterly, since, a year or two after our university days were over, he had gone to America for his health. I do not believe much in presentiments, but there was something in the very touch of that letter which gave me a cold chill. I opened it, and this was what I read:

"MY DEAR ARCHER: I have long lost you from sight, though not from memory; but I will not stop to fill up the gaps now, except so far as is necessary to what I have to say. I pretty well recovered my health in America, studied medicine, and have got on well. Last spring I found myself getting run down again, and I put my practice in the hands of a friend, and came abroad for the summer. I have spent the last two months in Paris, and here I have formed an intimacy with a French physician, who asked me, three days ago, to go with him to the hospital to see a very interesting patient, a countryman of my own, just released from long incarceration in a French prison. I went with a languid sort of interest, and found—is not truth always stranger than fiction?—Frank Leinster, a friend of long ago, of whom, however, you will never have heard me speak, as we met first on the steamer that carried me to America, whither he was bound for a pleasure trip. I was very ill during the voyage, and he nursed me like a brother, and with that our intimacy began. When he returned to England we corresponded for a time, but a little more than eight years ago sudden

silence on his part fell between us, and I have never heard of him since till I found him, three days ago, lying more dead than alive on a pallet in a French hospital. Since then I have learned his story.

"He was always a half-mad Republican in theory, and at one time he got himself naturalized as a French citizen, and joined a secret communistic or socialistic association, binding himself by all sorts of oaths to obey, on the instant, the orders of his superiors. At the time of his mysterious disappearance he was suddenly summoned to Paris. He went in company with a Madame Vautrin, a fellow-conspirator, summoned at the same time with himself. No sooner had he reached Paris than he was betrayed by a spy who had been set to watch his movements, and thrown into prison. He was only released six days ago.

"Figure to yourself what those eight years would have been to any man. They were something worse to him. He was engaged to a woman whom he adored. Her name was Eva Linton. When he started at an hour's notice for France he meant to write to her the moment of his arrival, but he was arrested before he had even reached his hotel. For eight years she has had every reason to believe him faithless. She is married, very likely—or dead, perhaps—who knows? But he judges her by himself, and clings to some wild hope that she has trusted in him through all, and waited for him. 'They seem to think I'm booked for death,' he said, when he told me the story, 'but, Grey, you must find her first.'

"He told me that she was living, when he left England, with an aunt at 10 York Road, South Kensington. I at once telegraphed, and found that neither Miss Linton nor her aunt had been heard of there for more than five years. I can see that to find her is the one hope for saving my friend's life. His anxiety about her is consuming him, as the swift flame burns the oil in a lamp. I am not willing to leave him. I will only do so as a last resort. In this extremity I bethink myself of you. I know your old passion for ferreting out mysteries—I used to tell you you ought to be a police detective. I fancy it was this turn of mind that made you a novelist. You know London, and the ways of London. I can reach you, no doubt, through your publishers. My appeal to you is a forlorn hope; but I know you will spare no pains to help me, were it only for the old time's sake.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN GREY."

I suppose men do not usually faint or cry out when the ninth wave strikes them; at any rate, I did not. I read this letter through as quietly as if it had been on some ordinary matter of business. Then I folded it deliberately and put it into my pocket, and spoke a few civil words to the man who had handed it to me, and went out into the street. There was no more to be done about my marriage. Not for one moment did I doubt what that letter meant in my life; and in the midst of my keenest anguish I thanked God that it had not come too late. I wandered about the streets, I know not how long; but I took the afternoon train to Dover, by which I reached there a little before seven o'clock. How it rained all the way down! When we stopped the howling wind drove the rain in volleys against the carriage. All the way I was trying to realize what life would be, now I had lost you.

I shall never forget shivering through the streets that first of October to your friend's house at the East Cliff. When at length I came level with the sea, and heard its dull, heavy waves, dark as night, breaking on the beach, it seemed to me that sea was not more dreary than my life, without you, must henceforth be. Then bitter remorse of heart took hold on me that I could be so unhappy when I had the supreme blessedness of bringing

back to your life that light and joy which you had thought lost forever.

You knew my knock at the hall-door, and came to open it yourself.

"My poor wet darling," you said; "what a night it is!" Then you put both arms round my neck and raised your lips to be kissed, and drew me into the dining-room, where all things looked so warm and bright. I thought that dinner would never come to an end; but it was over at last, and then we went together into the little sitting-room at the end of the drawing-room, which had come to be regarded as your own, and seemed pervaded by the sweetness and potency of your presence.

Oh, my love, how well I remember everything about that evening! You wore a dress of silk and velvet that made a soft swish upon the floor as you walked. You had pearls in your ears, and your pearl locket was hanging at your throat. You had never looked lovelier or seemed so at rest since I had known you.

Outside we heard the falling of the rain, the bitter complaining of the wind, and through all the troubled voice of the sea. I remember just how you turned shivering to the fire, and how, kneeling down by it, you leaned your cheek against my hand. Dear, I cannot help lingering over that night. If only you had been in one of your sad moods, that might have given me strength; but no, you seemed at rest, and of your own accord began talking about our marriage.

"I am going to try and be just the best wife that ever was," you said, half playfully, yet earnestly meaning what you said. You went on: "How happy it will be when we are together all the time. I never seem other than alone now when we are parted. I am quite lost without my dear."

"Bless you!" I said, under my breath, and then you leaned your dear head on my shoulder.

God knows I take no credit to myself for what I did that night—I could have done nothing else; but oh, my love, my love, your divine tenderness made it all the harder, for I began to believe that I could have made you happy at the last, even I; and it hurt—God knows how it hurt—to think I must put you out of my life just when you were beginning to be so fond of me, and go on my dark way alone. You remember questioning me why I was so silent?—"Did I love you less?"—"Was I afraid of to-morrow?"—"Should you read to me?" And then the warmth of the fire and the silence within soothed you, and being very weak withal, you fell asleep there, with your head upon my shoulder, just as confidently as if you had been already my wife.

I had made up my mind to tell you all at half-past nine, and just before the half-hour struck you awoke with a start, opened wide your eyes, and said tenderly, as you fixed them on me:

"I am so very glad to have you back, my dear. I dreamed that you had not returned, and I was most unhappy, and began to think something dreadful must have happened. And I thought what it would be if I should never see you again. I shall not let you go again without me."

Oh, my love, when I remember that I do think I might have made you happy in the end, but who knows? I said to you these words in answer:

"Eva, my darling, I shall go away from you. You will never see me again; but you will *not* miss me."

Can I ever forget the tone of voice in which you said, lifting your head from my shoulder, and with a light I had never seen there before blazing in your eyes, while the blood came and went in your cheeks:

"You have news for me? Quick! What is it?"

For answer I put John Grey's letter in your hand. When you had read it through I think you forgot my presence for a moment. There was a wonderful light of rapture on your face, and you said, in a voice as low as a prayer, "Faithful and true through all, faithful and true!"

Then I saw a cloud pass over your face and the light fall in your eyes, and I knew that you were thinking of me and of your promise to me, and I made haste to tell you that you were free, quite free—that I knew all must be over between us now; and you were by no means to be unhappy for me, because your good and your joy *must* be mine. And then, one dear last time, you clung to me and wept—a great flood of healthful, saving tears—for sudden joy is as dangerous as sudden grief.

I offered, I remember, to take you to Paris the next day—the day that was to have been our wedding-day; but you spared me that. You told me your cousin would take you, and I was thankful. When it was time

to go, you told me how good I had been to you, and once more you gave me your lips to kiss.

I walked about long that night in the wind and the rain; and when I went home and slept at last, I dreamed of you, and that to-morrow was our wedding-day, and we were never more to be parted. Then I woke again to the whole bitter truth, and I heard the clamorous wind and the cry of the empty, hungry sea; and the rain fell upon the roof as if it were falling upon a grave, and I knew that my life was dead, but that its ghost would haunt me until I, too, who have outlived my life, shall cease to be.

[The writer of the foregoing letter has now been four years dead. I, his friend, have printed it, using other names than the real ones, but making no other change. Its publication will harm no one; and if some time it should meet *her* eye, it will not be amiss that she should know how well he loved her who loved in vain.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—THE STORY OF A HOUSE.

ONLY a square New England house of painted pine, with more pine, scalloped and perforated and pointed, by way of ornamentation, here and there. A house which romance would disdain, and in which no tragedy save the inevitable tragedy of living could even be imagined to find a place. And the story in all its forlorn details is still hidden between the covers of a book read by few, the moral being too obtrusive and the plot too pronounced, and on the whole, offensive. Yet, objectionable as the reader finds it, the "realism" is much more real than any fiction of the modern school of novelists' devising, and whoever would read not only this but a dozen similar ones, may find them all recorded in a Report of the State Board of Health for Massachusetts, where almost microscopic observation has been supplemented by equally minute and patient details of each and every phase of investigation.

A minister built it. A man fresh from the seminary and newly married, and, unlike the most of his order, with a little ready money, which it seemed to him good to invest in a home. And so the house was built, and this is the way the story runs: "The house was provided with an open well and sink-drain, with its deposit-box in close proximity thereto, affording facility to discharge its gases in the well as the most convenient place. The cellar was used, as country cellars commonly are, for the storage of provisions of every kind, and the windows were never opened. The only escape for the soil moisture and ground-air, except that which was absorbed by the drinking water, was through the crevices of the floors into the rooms above."

Here we have the beginning of the story—a beginning common to nine-tenths of the houses built in New England or out of it. The minister's business was with souls. That bodies had any interests half as important, he would have denied on the spot. Or, if he had admitted their rights, it would never have occurred to him that his methods involved their destruction. Why should it, when their first principles even had never been learned? And so naturally: "After a few months' residence in the house, the clergyman's wife died of fever. He soon married again, and the second wife also died of fever within a year from the time of marriage. His children were sick. He occupied the house about two years. The wife of his successor was soon taken ill, and barely escaped with her life. A physician then took the house. He married, and his wife soon died of fever. Another physician took the house, and within a few months came near dying of ery-

sipelas. He deserved it. The house meanwhile received no treatment. The doctors, according to their usual wont, even in their own families, were satisfied to deal with the consequences and leave the causes to do their worst. Next after the doctors a school-teacher took the house, and made a few changes, for convenience apparently, for substantially it remained the same, for he, too, escaped as by the skin of his teeth. Finally, after the foreclosure of many lives, the sickness and fatality of the property became so marked that it became unsaleable. When at last sold, every sort of prediction was made as to the risk of occupancy, but, by a thorough attention to sanitary conditions, no such risks have been again encountered."

One of our best illustrated papers some time since had a very vivid and suggestive picture of modern improvements—a carefully-drawn interior, with stationary stand and bath-room visible through the half-open door, while from each water-faucet issued the figure of a demon, looking with an evil and assured smile of confident power and possession toward the unconscious occupants of the room. How they must have swarmed and rioted in the house, which, so long as its stands, can be only a haunted house, given over in the beginning to demons, who, though driven out, are replaced by the ghosts of the young wives slowly done to death.

For was not all this death suicide, and suicide none the less because ignorantly accomplished? We call such things mysterious dispensations, but the day is coming—indeed, is close at hand—when we shall blush at the shameful stupidity and folly that made such words possible. Typhoid fever and diphtheria follow bad drainage just as surely as the crop of wheat follows the sowing of the seed. And if an objector urges that our grandfathers never had such difficulties, I answer that here as elsewhere "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." "The mills of God grind slowly." Years may pass, even generations, before the work is done, and then a life often far dearer than our own suddenly slips away, and we sit in darkness and wonder at the mystery of life and of death. Yet escape was in our own power, and the rules which hold the secret of escape are simple and plain for all who will learn. "When will this be believed, and is there any chance that some school of the future will make their knowledge of as much importance as the first principles of arithmetic or facility in analyzing a sentence?"

HELEN CAMPBELL.



At a time when the diplomatic situation in Europe is perpetually "strained," it is impossible for the thoughtful observer to consider the question of armaments and not wonder what it is all coming to. The latest official figures give in round numbers an aggregate of 11,365,000 men for the war footing of the six great powers of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. Add to these the navies (173,000 men), and the grand total foots up 11,538,000 men. These are, to some extent, "paper" figures; but the regular or standing armies are enough to appal a political economist of frugal mind. Austria-Hungary has 289,190 men in her regular force, France, 502,765; Germany, 445,402; Great Britain, 131,636; Italy, 736,502, and Russia, 974,771, without counting the navies. It has been suggested, half in jest perhaps, that these powers would find it to their interest to set apart a neutral territory, some ten miles square, on the borders of which each should be entitled to maintain a thousand picked men, subject to the inspection of an international commission. In case of war between any two or more of the powers interested, each should put its men in array, and, at a signal, open the campaign, operations to be confined to the neutral territory as specified, and the war there fought out to the bitter end. This would give each nation a chance to select its soldiers and train them with the utmost care, and the nation with the greatest resources would presumably have the best chance to secure superior material. The expense would, of course, be reduced far below present figures, private property would be secured against the wholesale destruction of a general campaign, and war would be stripped of half its horrors. A natural concomitant of such an arrangement would be of course the erection of towers of observation along the borders of the neutral tract wherever observers who chose to take the risk of stray long-range projectiles could "see the fun" at so much per head. No doubt expenses could be to a great extent defrayed by selling season-tickets and choice proscenium boxes, as it were, at fancy prices. The question of naval armaments would be even simpler, for a total tonnage might be allowed to each power joining the international convention, with a limited number of men and a specified weight of metal for armament. Presumably not more than two of the high contracting powers would go to war at one time; but in case of a general "unpleasantness," what could be simpler than to adopt the plan followed by rival colleges in the matter of football and other games—play off, or in this case fight off the ties. Seriously, however, the idea is not without a germ of common sense, and, next to an international court of arbitration *in perpetuo*, the plan seems the simplest and most humane that has yet been devised.

THERE is something very pathetic in the story published in the present number of *THE CONTINENT* entitled "A Letter to Eva," when it is known that the author is totally blind. The unconscious importance attached to qualities of voice, to the sounds of nature, to the sense of touch, have their significance, and references to the remembered loveliness of color and form all gain new force when this is known. It is interesting also to know that the au-

thor in his infancy inspired Mrs. Mulock Craik to write her fine lyric, quoted in all the books of selected poetry, and beginning:—

"Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip my king!
Round whom the empurpling shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find a queen handmaiden,
Philip my king!"

It may not be inappropriate to quote here the following lines, lately written for "*The Critic*" by Margaret J. Preston:

TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

They tell us thou art he, about whose brow,
In cradle years, a poet twined the lays
Through which she glorified, in poet's phrase,
Those splendid eyes, that forced her to avow
Heart-fealty to thee, her liege, and bow
Before thy regal looks, with regal praise
Of more enduring freshness than the bays
Which blatant crowds bind for their heroes now.
Had she prevision that above those eyes
God meant to press His hand, the better so
To cage the lark-like spirit, lest it soar
So deep into the blue inviolate skies
That earthly listeners, standing far below,
Should fail to catch the ethereal music more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ANY one whose opinion is worth consulting at all, would, if he could, place liquor beyond the reach of those upon whom it works mischief. That is to say, every sensible man is theoretically in favor of prohibition, however much he may question the practical utility of prohibitory laws. That such laws have worked well under certain exceptionally favorable conditions, is true, but it is equally true that in most cases their efficient enforcement has proved impracticable. The existence of any law is justified only by the possibility of its enforcement, and where such enforcement is impossible any law becomes at once worse than useless, for it provokes popular contempt. One such law weakens all others, by suggesting that they too may be broken with impunity. Mr. Henry Hitchcock recently delivered an address at St. Louis, before the State Bar Association, which brings together, in a compact form, the legislation of different states on this vital question. Iowa passed the most sweeping enactment in the shape of a constitutional amendment, absolutely forbidding the manufacture or sale of any intoxicating liquor within her limits, and travelers on through lines of railroad have had the satisfaction, or otherwise, of seeing posted in palace cars, and at railway restaurants, notices to the effect that liquors cannot be had. One of the state courts, however, pronounced the amendment unconstitutional on technical grounds, and its decision is now confirmed on appeal by the State Supreme Court. In Mississippi the sale of liquor has been prohibited in fifty different towns. One county permits the sale of malt liquors alone, while another allows

liquors of any kind to be sold in only one of its towns. Another act curiously permits the sale of liquor within a radius of seven miles of two specified churches, whose denomination, by the way, it would be interesting to ascertain. So it is with other territories and districts within the state. In South Carolina a similar set of provisions subsists, with special laws for certain localities, while a general statute provides for a local option vote in any city, town or village, a majority to decide on "license" or "no license," but exempting from prohibition in any event domestic wine sold by the gallon. This, by the way, would seem to indicate an approach to the "town-meeting" idea of New England—certainly a most desirable innovation. In Kentucky special acts regulate the sale of liquors in the different counties, as in the two states just named; and, in some instances, public sentiment has changed, local prohibitory laws having been repealed presumably in accordance with a change of opinion on the part of the people. In Texas a local option law has been in force for some time, and was slightly amended in 1881. In Ohio the "Pond Law," imposing a heavy tax on dealers, was overruled as unconstitutional, being in conflict with the general prohibition of licenses. Another law prohibited Sunday sales wherever liquor was sold on week-days, but this is understood to have proved a dead letter. In Massachusetts the license law has lately been made more stringent, in prophetic anticipation, perhaps, of General Butler's accession to the Governorship; and Connecticut has a "license or no license" law, dependent upon the vote of town meetings. Here, too, the seller is made responsible for damage done by men made drunk on his premises, and sales to habitual drunkards, minors, or persons already intoxicated, are made punishable according to the gravity of the offense. It is evident from all these scraps of legislation, that interest in the liquor question is active in widely-separated sections of the Union, and the inference is certainly fair that contempt for drunkenness and active pity for its victims is gaining ground in quarters hitherto indifferent, if not rather inclined to favor free liquor. This feeling must tell for the advancement of the temperance cause whatever existing local laws may be, and it is upon the growth of this that the friends of moderation may most surely base their hopes of reform. The formation of anti-treating clubs and of associations whose members pledge themselves against "perpendicular drinking," point in the same direction, and are to be highly commended, so far as they go, to discourage tipping at the bars of drinking-places. Upon the whole, if we look back fifty years, and take into the account the vast increase of population, the temperance outlook is by no means discouraging. Even in England, where prohibitory laws are unknown, the spread of intelligence has exerted a well-defined influence on the sales of liquor, as indicated in the tax list. Men who are not altogether bad sometimes get drunk; a great many strictly temperate men sometimes drink and never get drunk. The former class will be very apt to stop short of inebriation when it dawns upon them that a glass too much renders them objects of thorough-going contempt and pity even to their friends and boon companions.

EVERY reader who takes up the latest volume in the "American Statesmen Series," and recalls the fact that mere details of personality are out of order, save as they bear upon the political life and work of the subject chosen, will feel a hearty sympathy for the biographer. John Randolph overrides all laws and all theories, precisely as he overrode them in life; and, repress all gossip and anecdote rigorously as one may, the aggressive, penetrating, dominant personality has it way. The high-pitched voice sounds again, and the long forefinger points

in the face or emphasizes a threat against this would-be dispassionate and certainly supercilious narrator. Mr. Adams has had a difficult task, and he has addressed himself to it in a manner that recalls Justice Maule's summing up of Lord Westbury, as one that would be "offensive in Almighty God addressing a black beetle." Poor Andrew Jackson was kicked like a football through the pages wherein Professor Sumner gave his views of that period in American statesmanship, or the want of it, and the same method is followed, and with even greater energy, by Mr. Adams. The book, however, is a very striking one, and we have seldom had a clearer or stronger picture of the opposing forces at work in the troubled beginning of the century almost ended. Those who have read the brilliant chapter on colonial Virginia, in Professor Moses Coit Tyler's "History of American Literature," will note the similarity of deduction in the present biography where the same topic is treated. Professor Tyler's work is a singularly sympathetic, yet profound analysis of the spirit of the time, the mould into which through every natural cause it was finally run, and the inevitable effects of causes unseen and unfelt consciously by those they influenced, but plain to-day to the clear-eyed student of the past.

Had John Randolph been born to a quieter time, and amid influences that would have repressed instead of stimulating his lawless and passionate nature, he might easily, with his ardent loyalty, his strong affection and his equal power of inspiring affection, have become the statesman he fancied himself. But from beginning to end of the stormy and bitter life, every circumstance seemed against him. With the theories of Rousseau, and fond of calling himself "l'ami des noirs," he was a provincial despot, exquisitely courteous when it suited his mood, inexpressibly brutal when it did not. Education might have given him some power of self-government, but education in any real sense he never had. He grew up among old English classics, and much of his brilliant and forcible style came from intimate knowledge of their contents; but he absorbed their worst elements also, and in his coarsest and most vulgar moods had always something apt to quote in justification.

The dread of "National Sovereignty" filled many minds in the critical period when government was still an experiment. Against such sovereignty Jefferson thundered, and Randolph, who came into public life in the midst of this struggle, was for a time one of the President's chief agents in the attacks upon the Supreme Court, which was considered the most dangerous element in the new system. Out of this terror sprang the State-rights party, and Randolph remained through life a fanatic on this point, and, as Mr. Adams remarks, "he played tricks with his hobby until his best friends were weary and disgusted." To him rather than Calhoun must be given the leadership which ended in making states' rights and slavery inseparable. He "sketched out and partly filled in the outlines of that political scheme over which Calhoun labored so long, and against which Clay strove successfully while he lived—the identification of slavery with states' rights. All that was ablest and most masterly, all except what was mere metaphysical rubbish, in Calhoun's statesmanship had been suggested by Randolph years before Calhoun began his states' rights career. Randolph discovered and mapped out from beginning to end a chart of the whole course on which the slave power was to sail to its destruction." Nothing sadder, nothing more impressive has been known in the story of lives than the waste and misuse of power, the final defeat and the soured and evil later days of a man who threw away opportunities and rejected counsel with a fatuity that brought the natural consequences of folly. Mr. Adams' summary is picturesque and painful. The whole book is a strong and valuable contribution to political history, and will give a clearer idea of the time than many more pretentious ones.

(1) JOHN RANDOLPH. By Henry Adams. American Statesmen Series. 16mo, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the whole, it is also just. Randolph chose to shroud his real inner life in mystery. In the end aspiration and any faith had left him, and whether the sensational story of his final remorse be true or not, it is a life before which men must draw a curtain, and which can be justly judged only before a tribunal which sees more clearly than human eyes can, and is merciful as well as just.



"POOLE'S INDEX" is at last finished in its new and revised edition, just issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., and makes a bulky volume of fifteen hundred pages, every one of them invaluable to the student or literary man.

The library and art collections of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," are to be sold, and will thus be scattered broadcast, following the fate of most literary men's possessions. The sale is to take place in Edinburgh.

The *Art Interchange* is doing most excellent work, not only in its own special field, but in its department of book criticism, which is exceptionally bright and keen. Whether there is room for one or two other art journals which have just sent out specimen numbers remains to be seen.

"THE VOYAGE OF THE VEGA," by Baron Nordenskjöld, published by Macmillan & Co., has been translated into eleven different languages, and its interest is likely to remain a permanent one, as the *Vega* is the only ship that has ever accomplished the Northeast passage.

ALL who have watched the progress of the brilliant New York literary fortnightly, *The Critic*, will welcome its change to a weekly form. Incisive as its judgments are, there is none of the pragmatism and bitter tone which has distinguished one, at least, of our weekly critical journals, and there is every indication of a successful future.

MR. CHARLES READE, who is usually in far too dead earnest to descend to puns or any light use of the English language, is credited by a London story-teller with at least one lapse. Once upon a time "Ouida," it is said, asked him to suggest a name for her new pet dog. "Tonic," quoth he instant; "for it is sure to be a mixture of bark, steal and whine."

The final volume of Mr. Froude's series, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," has just appeared, and he makes the statement that a unity of purpose is present throughout, all the essays having a reference more or less direct to the problems by which the present generation have been most perplexed. By way of lightening these rather heavy labors, he contributed a story for the Christmas supplement of an English periodical.

THOSE who have enjoyed Mr. W. J. Linton's "Golden Apples of Hesperus," the dainty little collection of poems not to be found in other anthologies, will welcome its revision and enlargement under the title of "Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; a Supplement to the Anthologies." It is possible that some readers may object to the frank earthliness of some of the selections, but if there is license, it is certainly what one of our most honored critics has called "clean dirt." It is a book for poets, and though there is here and there a grossness unpleasant to the nineteenth century ear, it is infinitely higher and better than the morbid and sickly feeling of

the Swinburne school, while many of the poems are so exquisite as to make one wonder why they have been so long neglected. (16mo, pp. 264, \$2.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

MR. D. L. HOLBROOK, of New York, known as a very careful and thorough writer and investigator in matters of hygiene, is becoming equally known as one of the foremost students in microscopic science. At the last meeting of the American Society of Microscopists at Elmira, N. Y., two papers were read by him, which have since been put into pamphlet form—one on "The Structure of the Muscles of the Lobster," the other on "The Termination of the Nerves in the Liver." This last treats of a subject very little understood in the profession, and has attracted wide attention among anatomists.

It is possible that the six "New Arabian Nights," recently published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., are from the Arabian, but let no one credit them to Scherezade. If she had launched forth on their inconsequent, unmeaning marvels, she would most speedily have joined the vast caravan of her predecessors. Not even a sultan could with patience have endured these tales of geni and of princes who hurry from one absurdity to another, until the tale becomes a handful of beads unstrung. That Lane and Galland omitted them from their collections is to their credit, and the stories are to Sinbad and Aladdin what the "Gospel of Mary" is to St. Matthew. (8vo, cloth, pp. 390, \$1.50).

AN Art Students' League has been organized in Cincinnati, under the able direction of Mr. Matt Morgan, which includes many points that may be copied to advantage by other cities. The plan embraces not only stated classes for which studios have been arranged with every facility for costume life-study, but lectures on artistic anatomy two weeks in a month, and on perspective and architecture the remaining two, the fee for these advantages being but five dollars a month. A European scholarship, to be the prize to whoever paints the best original picture from a given subject, is also offered, and there seems every prospect that Cincinnati will do for art what she has already done for music.

WE are threatened with another edition of Shakespeare, if, indeed, we can have too many—this time with a German editor, Professor Delius, of Bonn—which will be issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. "Professor Delius asserts an inveterate skepticism as to those outward allusions which so many diligent commentators have detected in the plays, and, except where they may be looked upon as self-evident, he ignores them altogether in determining the date of composition. He rejects the theory that Shakespeare ever re-wrote his plays, and refuses to acknowledge the handiwork of any other author except in 'Timon,' 'Pericles,' and the prologues to 'Troilus and Cressida' and 'King Henry VIII.'"

A NEW venture in journalism is always a problem, not only to publishers, but to public, the field being already overcrowded; but the rather stale adage that "there is always room at the top," holds good in this as in every other case, and thus *The Builder*, owned by Clark Bryan & Co., of Holyoke, Mass., and edited by Mr. E. C. Gardner, already known to readers of *THE CONTINENT* as one of the best, perhaps the best, authorities on building in this country, begins with almost a certainty of success. It covers sanitary ground also, as all true building should, and general hints in many directions, all of such value that the paper should at once take the place it deserves as something "no family should be without."

MISS EMMA LAZARUS has become well known to magazine readers through short poems of a good deal of power and feeling. The present collection, "Songs of a Semite," published at the office of *The American Hebrew*, New York, is made up of a historical tragedy in five acts, en-

titled "The Dance to Death," and various translations and adaptations from the Spanish. The tragedy is simply a blood-curdling record of a persecution of the Jews. The "Songs" hold, many of them, deep religious feeling, and the whole has interest as a work essentially and almost aggressively Hebrew in spirit and purpose, but with a power and originality that deserves better setting than is given in the cheap form in which it appears. (Paper, pp. 80, 50 cents).

ONE of the most amusing of the many books for children produced for the holiday season is Gautier's "My Household of Pets" (16mo, pp. 133, \$1.25), Roberts Brothers, Boston, translated by Susan Coolidge. The work is gracefully done, and the history of the many pets, chiefly cats, will delight every child, as well as the elders who may be called upon to read it to them. "Two Tea-Parties," by Rosalie Vanderwater (\$2.00), is another of the profusely illustrated and delightful books for children issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.; a larger one, made up also with illuminated covers, being "Happy Little People," by Olive Patch (pp. 176, \$1.75). This last is intended for older children than the previous one, and is simply but very pleasantly written.

THE New York business man whose home is in "Jersey," and who rushes in the afternoon down Barclay street for a "train-boat," is tolerably certain, if he has a garden, to stop, as spring approaches, and look into the windows of No. 34, where for years Bliss & Co. have shown their tempting array of everything the gardener can want, from a paper of seed up to a hand-wheel cultivator. The catalogue for 1883, recently issued, is not only a neat and attractive piece of work, typographically considered, but a guide to be relied upon implicitly, years of experience having made the firm an authority more and more valued by every one who has ever had occasion to need their services.

WHERE full and minute detail of ancient peoples and systems is required, nothing can take the place of Rawlinson's work in this direction, and no library can be considered well-furnished which does not possess his "Oriental Monarchies." A new edition of his "Seventh Monarchy" has lately been brought out by Dodd & Mead, the two handsome volumes being an American reprint from American plates of the English edition of 1875. The illustrations and notes are given in full. One may occasionally wish for a little better management of the profuse material, or for more grace of style, but, as a whole, the books have a permanent and solid value, and the present edition is not only most attractively made up, but exceedingly low in price. The reading community owe Dodd & Mead a debt for this combination of typographical excellence and cheapness. (2 vols., 8vo, pp. 338-351, \$6.00).

NEW BOOKS.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Vol. II. Parchment edition. 18mo, pp. 311, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY. Reprinted from the *Spectator*. With illustrations by Charles O. Murray. Small quarto. \$1.50, pp. 194. D. Appleton & Co.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Leonard Henry. 16mo, pp. 207, 50 cents. John W. Lovell Publishing Co., New York.

THE SECRET DISPATCH. By James Grant. 16mo, pp. 256, 50 cents. John W. Lovell Co.

DUMAS' ART ANNUAL. An Illustrated Record of the Exhibitions of the World. 1882. Containing about 250 original drawings, reproduced in fac-simile. Paper, 8vo, pp. 323, \$1.25. J. W. Bouton, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF AN ABOLITIONIST. From 1855 to 1865. By Dr. Alexander Milton Ross. Second edition. 16mo, pp. 203, \$1.25. Rowell & Hutchinson, Toronto.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN. A Code of Directions for Escaping from the Primal Curse. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Fourteenth edition. 16mo, pp. 159, \$1.00. M. L. Holbrook, New York.



THE Museum of Kew has recently been enriched by a very fine collection of Japanese lacquer-work. The collection, which was obtained especially for the museum by the acting consul at Hakodate, under instructions from H. M. charge d'affaires at Tokio, is extremely complete, and illustrates the whole process of manufacture. Thus, for instance, there are specimens of the trunk of the varnish tree, showing the deep cuts through the bark, made in a horizontal manner and close together, by a sharp, gouge-like instrument, which is also shown, as well as several other instruments used in various branches of the collection of the lacquer or its preparation. There is also a neatly-made pot for holding the lacquer as collected, constructed from a simple joint of a large bamboo stem; a large series of lacquer as collected from the stems or as prepared, and a complete set of tools, such as fine and coarse brushes, made of human hair, rat's hair, etc.; spatulas, burnishers, and a series of colors used in decoration. Besides these there is a very fine and instructive series of lacquer-work, from the earliest stages to the most highly-finished examples, some of which are of great age, one, for example, being one hundred and twenty years old, and of exquisite workmanship. The processes through which good lacquer-work passes are both tedious and numerous; the results, however, are wonderful accuracy in every detail, many of the designs, especially those representing plants and flowers, being worked with so much care as to be in many cases botanically correct; this is particularly the case with the gold-work on wood, both flattened and raised. The collection is all the more valuable because it is said that good lacquer-work is becoming more and more scarce, the demand for cheap articles in the European markets being so great as to induce lacquer-workers to turn their attention to the class of goods which meets with a ready sale, to the neglect of the more costly, and, consequently, more carefully wrought. The value of the collection is also increased from the fact that a very elaborate account accompanies them descriptive of the collection of the juice from the varnish-trees, its subsequent manipulation and final application.

MR. THOMAS MEEHAN has remarked that Audubon, Nuttall, Wilson and other eminent ornithologists have suggested that the seasons had evidently not so much to do with the migrations of birds as the question of food, though most authors connected this question of food with the autumn or winter season. He had recently observed the migration of the robin in great numbers during the ten days prior to August 1, or on the evenings of those days, for the flight was from about sundown to dark. They came from the northwest and were flying southeast. Some were but a few hundred feet above him, while others were so high in the air as to be scarcely visible, which would indicate a long journey. Robins had abounded on his property in Germantown during the past spring and early summer; he might say, without exaggeration, there had been many hundreds of them. At this time it was rare to meet with one. He considered the disappearance entirely owing to the scarcity of food, as there had been no rain of any consequence for two months. For two weeks numerous trees and plants on his grounds had been

kept alive by artificial waterings. Examining the dry earth after the harrow showed no signs of insect life. The cherry crop had been nearly a failure. The usual berried plants, such as dogwood, on which they usually fed, were not ripe. There was really little for them to eat, and he had reason to believe that the same conditions prevailed all over Northern Pennsylvania. In New Jersey plants with berries were ripening, as they were also farther south, and he concluded that a search for food was the cause of this early migration.

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It is a marvelous circumstance that the black man of Australia should have dropped upon the same narcotic principle (nicotine) as the red man of America. Pituri is a plant of Central Australia not far removed from the tobacco plant. The leaves of the plant are chewed by the aborigines, who trade with it extensively. Chemical analysis shows that the alkaloid in which the peculiar poisonous properties depend is nicotine, the same substance to which tobacco owes its effects. Pituri is eagerly sought by the native Australians, not for the purpose of exciting their courage or combativeness, but to produce a dreamy, voluptuous sensation, such as is experienced by the opium-eater. It is often taken by the natives on their long marches to deaden the cravings of hunger and to support them under excessive fatigue.

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It has long been known that the richness of the atmosphere in ammonia varies from time to time. The soil and plants absorb it. Condensation of atmospheric moisture sweeps it out of the air. These and other similar modifications have been hitherto studied only in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and whether similar causes are at play in the more elevated regions has remained a question until we now have the results of a series of observations made at the famous observatory of Nansouty, on the Pic-du-Midi, in Southern France, from which it appears that the elevation makes no difference. This result is the more remarkable in view of the almost complete absence, in these elevated regions, of nitric acid and ammonium nitrate.

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DR. VICTOR BURG, distinguished as the discoverer of metallothérapie, extols the disinfectant and antiseptic properties of copper. Quoting a report made by Dr. Verneis, he remarks the fact that workers in copper, who become strongly impregnated with the metal which they constantly handle, are by this circumstance protected against the cholera. In view of this discovery the author recommends that the wood employed in the construction of hospitals should be carefully treated with copper sulphate. This ingenious suggestion may be easily submitted to the test of experiment, and is well worthy of the attention of physicians.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 10.—The Attorney-General announced his decision that, under the existing law, Chinese may pass through United States territory.—Lot M. Morrill, ex-United States Senator and ex-United States Treasurer, died in Augusta, Me., aged seventy years.—The Newhall House, at Milwaukee, Wis., was burned, involving a terrible loss of life. . . Jan. 11.—The Fitz John Porter bill passed the Senate by a vote of 33 to 27.—The Senate of New York passed a resolution pledging the Governor its support "in his selection of competent officers to officiate during his régime." The resolution says that employés should not be removed except for cause, and that "the system which treats public office as a valuable franchise, and uses it to promote and maintain the fortunes of a party or political leader as unworthy representative government and vicious in practice."

—An earthquake shock was felt throughout Southern Illinois. . . Jan. 12.—The House of Representatives passed the Shipping bill by a vote of 155 to 54. . . Jan. 14.—A Pension bill was passed by the House of Representatives appropriating for army pensions \$35,000,000; navy pensions, \$1,000,000; fees and expenses of examining surgeons, \$275,000; pay of agents, \$300,000; contingent expenses, \$10,000.—A Fortification bill was also passed, appropriating \$325,000, as follows: For the protection, preservation and repair of fortifications, \$175,000; for sea-coast fortifications, including ordnance and the conversion of smooth-bore cannon into rifles, \$100,000; for torpedoes, \$50,000.—A large wagon factory was burned at Stoughton, Wis.; loss, \$100,000.—At Berditscheff, Russian Poland, a fire broke out in a circus during the performance, and one hundred lives were lost. . . The Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, was burned, involving a loss of several lives and damage to the amount of \$50,000.—Fire also destroyed a fine building at Neenah, Wis.; loss, \$100,000. . . Jan. 15.—General W. B. Bate was installed Governor of Tennessee.—The Supreme Court decided that bottles in which ale and beer are imported are subject to a duty of thirty per cent ad valorem in addition to the duty of thirty-five cents per gallon on the beverage therein contained.—The United States Court of Claims decided in favor of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for \$33,333 in its suit against the Government under its contract for carrying the China mail a few years ago.—A loss of \$100,000 resulted from the burning of the Chicago Smelting and Refining Works.—Joseph Sailer, for over forty-two years financial editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, died, in the seventy-third year of his age.—Robert J. McClatchey, M. D., Professor of Pathology and Practice of Medicine in the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, died suddenly of apoplexy, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

THE DRAMA.

MR. HAVERLY has merged "Hague's British Minstrels" in his own "Mastodon Minstrels," and the poster-writer proclaims it as "The Master Minstrel Stroke of the Great Theatrical Magistrate's Career." An impressive line truly.

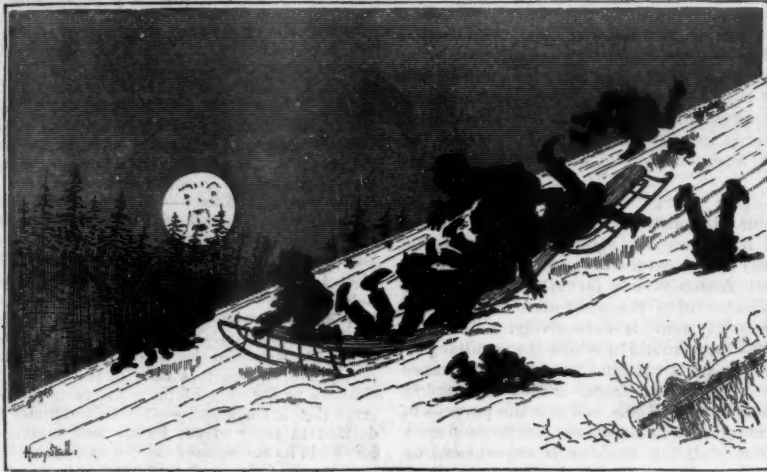
HERE BARNAY, an eminent German tragedian, has appeared at the Thalia Theatre, New York, and has been received with the highest demonstrations of approval by large audiences. "Cololanus" is Herr Barnay's favorite character.

SIGNOR SALVINI's first wife, it appears, was an actress of great power, as the Signor has lately said that since her death he had never met an actress capable of truthfully and powerfully depicting suppressed passion and emotion until he saw Miss Clara Morris' performance of "Miss Multon."

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of a leading exponent of German theatre art in New York, has been our Mr. Booth's appearance in Berlin. The press exhausted the adjectives of praise in behalf of his performance of "Hamlet." "In eloquence and gesture," says the *Borsen Zeitung*, "Booth stands on the same level with Rossi and Salvini, and perhaps surpasses them in minute power of suggestion." The Crown Prince and Princess were present on the opening night, and the Prince attended three nights in succession.

MME. ALBANI, after an absence of seven years, has returned to join Mapleson's Opera Company. On the evening after her arrival from London, although the voyage had been an unusually tempestuous one, she sang at a concert of the Symphony Society in New York. Her voice, it seems, has matured into one of greater beauty, fullness and compass than when last heard in this country. She made her first appearance in grand opera at Chicago, and will sing at the New York Academy of Music during the spring season of opera, beginning in March.

MR. THOMAS KEENE has been receiving not a little gratuitous advertising on account of Mr. Barrett's refusing to appear in conjunction with him at the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival. It is held by Mr. Keene's manager that this refusal is owing to Mr. Barrett's fear of comparison to his (Mr. Barrett's) detriment. This can scarcely be the reason. Mr. Barrett's well-earned and assured position as an actor of rare ability and high attainments could be but little affected, no matter with whom compared. Mr. Keene has been announced for a week's engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on February 12th.



THE WRECK OF THE DOUBLE-ENDER.

It was the Double-ender hight,
 Stood looking down the hill,
 The while ten pestilent small boys
 It waited for to spill.
 All smooth and polished was its steel,
 And eke its plank was wide,
 And its steering-gear well rove withal
 Along its gleaming side.
 Light recked those pestilent small boys,
 As they its back bestrode,
 That on the steepy mountain side
 All icy was the road.
 Down on the scene the full moon gazed,
 And through the belt of pine
 She marked full well the hidden stump
 And the coil of last year's vine,
 But she "never said nothing" to those small boys,
 As they sat there in a line.
 She "never said nothing," but well she knew
 The peril that lurked below,
 The hidden stump, and the coiling vine,
 And the rocks all hid by snow;
 But she "never said nothing" to those small boys
 That sat there in a row.
 They're off! they're off! The wild mustang
 Ne'er plied a fletcher heel;
 Their tippets red wave overhead,
 Above the flying steel;
 And the cold, cold nose of each small boy
 Is ready to congeal.
 Their faces cleave the moonlit air
 As the vessel cleaves the sea,
 And trees and fences fly them past
 Like sprites of mysteree.

The steersman grim, he set his teeth,
 And never a word spake he;
 But he braced his feet on the wooden bar
 Made out of the good oak tree.
 And he thought to himself, "There's too much weight
 On the forrard sled, I see!"
 "Hitch back! hitch back!" he cried at last,
 "Hitch back! Push off, Jim Lee!"
 They hitched them back. Alas, for Jim!
 His pants were torn from he,
 As heels-over-head away he sped
 Athwart the icy lea.
 Then laughed those wicked boys aloud,
 Loud laughed they all, to hear
 The passing yell of Jimmy Lee
 All in the moonlight clear.
 But faster, faster, now they fly
 Adown the glassy slope;
 They wist not of the coiling vine,
 Nor of the trailing rope;
 Nor of the hidden stump that lay
 In wait within the shadow gray.
 What darkens now the wintry sky?
 What fragments these that on the breeze
 Go drifting idly by?

The moon looks down on a silent hill,
 On a wreck of broken sleds;
 And ten small boys with aching bones,
 And broken heads and husky tones,
 Are prisoned within their respective homes,
 On their ten respective beds.

Q. E. D.

THE POET SOUL (as conceived by the Modern Bard).

Nor that I love thee do I sing, O Sea!
 Thy wild, storm-driven waves that seethe and swell;
 But that they mirror (though imperfectly)
 My passions fierce and fell!

Not that I ever loved you have I told
 Your praise, O infinite Sky! but that in thee,
 Perchance, as in a glass, I might behold
 My soul's immensity!

And thou, O Earth—what are thy shrieks of woe?
 Thy dissonant cries, thy murmurs of alarm,
 Thy curses, but an echo, faint and low,
 That makes more sweet my calm?

Earth, heaven, and the watery wilderness!
 In all your mighty volume I can see
 But one vast page that serveth to express
 The universal Me!

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.